

THE ARGOSY

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WITH COSSACK AND CONVICT.

A TALE OF FAR SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

Author of "Under Africa," "The Rajah's Fortress," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CZAR'S GOLD.

THE man was none other than Pierre Valbort, the one armed convict who had escaped so daringly from the Tomsk prison a few months before. Little wonder that Donald was surprised to find him here, a thousand miles from Tomsk! Why had he not fled toward Russia, as was his stated intention?

Valbort came forward with outstretched hand.

"Ah, my good fellow, we meet again," he exclaimed. "But this time under happier circumstances. You are one of us, I know, so come along and we will take care of you."

Donald made no reply, not knowing indeed what to say or how to regard this doubtful freedom that was offered him.

But Valbort was in too much haste to wait or expect an answer. He passed on to join his companions, who were scattering among the panic stricken prisoners, and picking out—as Donald readily perceived—those among them who had been concerned in the plot which gave Valbort his liberty and caused the death of Lavroff.

Two of Valbort's companions Donald recognized as Leontef and Gross, the men who had escaped on the previous day. Others were of the same stamp—all escaped convicts beyond a doubt.

The unexpected affair threw Donald into a whirl of perplexity. His heart leaped at the thought of freedom, and yet even on such terms he felt reluctant to join this band of assassins. The conversation overheard that night between the *starosta* and one of the Cossacks gave him a clew to the situation, and he shrewdly guessed that the perpetrators of these outrages were Valbort and his companions, who had formed themselves into a band and found a safe hiding place in the mountain fastnesses near by. The assault on the post station was equally clear. These clever rascals must have been lying in wait for the exile party, having

learned from Leontef and Gross that they were approaching. They made short work of General Tichimiroff and his party—who probably blundered into the ambush—and when the latter escaped they divided into two bands, one of which fled into the mountains with the young girl, while the other, knowing that General Tichimiroff would shortly return to the scene with the Cossacks and thus leave the prisoners without sufficient escort, made a detour through the forest and stormed the post station in the manner already shown.

This at least was the theory that presented itself to Donald's mind, and subsequent events proved

and stunned had come to his senses and crawled away.

Valbort bent over the Cossacks for an instant. "They are not badly wounded," he said. "With care they may recover."

"Poor Tolnar!" he added, stopping in front of the third man. "He is stone dead. Well, if we have lost one companion, we have gained eight—that should console us."

They pressed on, drawing the gates shut behind them, and then paused for a moment to listen.

All was quiet, so they marched down the post road for a hundred yards or more, and then turned aside into the thick forest on the left.

Valbort led the way, with Leontef and Gross close behind him. They were well armed and carried their weapons in readiness for instant use. Donald came next, and then the rest in single file. All night long they pushed on over the frozen snow crust, going deeper and deeper into the mountains and hearing no sounds of pursuit. When daylight came they stopped for a brief rest, and then the march was resumed, but with weary and lagging feet, for no food was to be had and the want of it made the men weak.

We will leave Donald and his companions to pursue their journey through the Siberian forest, and take the reader for a brief time to the city of Irkutsk.

The assault on General Tichimiroff and the abduction of his daughter

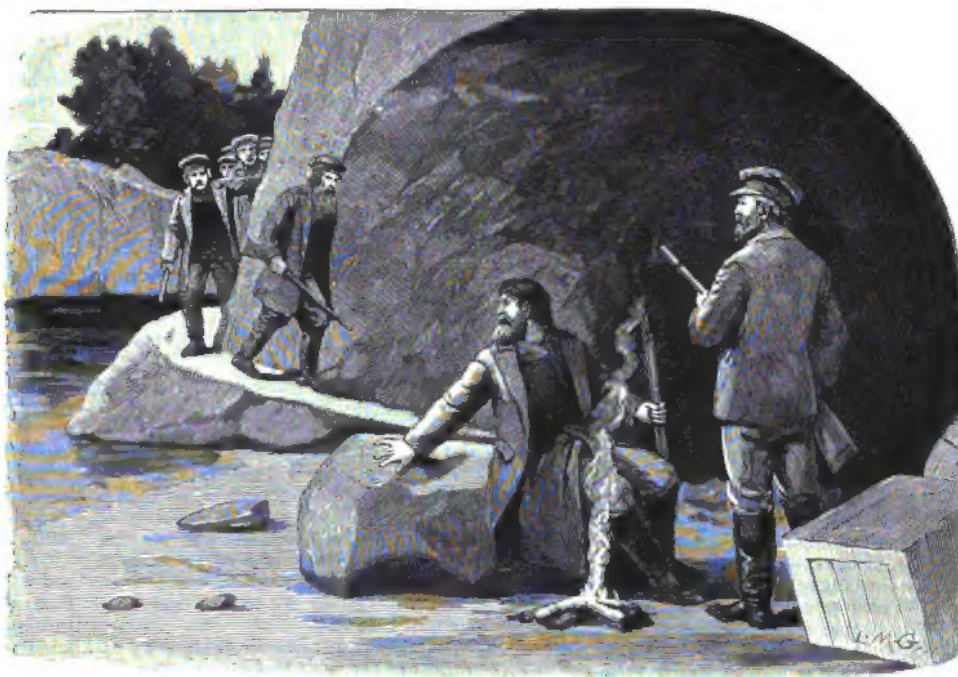
was flashed over the wires within three hours of its occurrence, and the daring affair caused the greatest excitement in the social and military circles of Irkutsk.

On the evening of the following day Captain Andre Dagmar was summoned by special messenger to headquarters, and a few moments later he was galloping along the crowded Muscovaia—the main street of the city. He found Colonel Sudekin alone in his gloomy apartment, sitting before a large flat table which was littered with papers and lighted by a pair of wax candles.

"Well," said the colonel abruptly as Andre entered, "you have heard the news of course."

"Yes," replied Andre. "It is known from one end of the town to the other."

He halted respectfully in front of the table, wondering vaguely if his urgent summons was connected with this affair.



THE ONLY APPARENT OCCUPANTS OF THE PLACE WERE TWO ROUGH LOOKING MEN.

him to be right, with the single exception that the attack on the governor of Irkutsk was premeditated.

"Come on now! We are ready to go!" Valbort's harsh voice broke in on Donald's reflections and warned him that he must decide quickly what to do.

There was really no choice. His lack of interest in the matter had already excited the suspicion of Valbort's comrades, and they regarded Donald with sullen, mistrustful glances. He knew far too much to be left behind.

Donald hesitated briefly and then followed the party—now augmented by ten or twelve men—toward the gates. Many of the exiles pressed on their heels clamoring piteously to be taken along, but by Valbort's orders they were sternly driven back. In front of the gates lay the three men who had been shot. The one who was knocked down

"It is a terrible thing indeed," resumed Colonel Sudekin, "and of special import to those who can read between the lines. I am convinced that a number of escaped convicts have banded together and found a hiding place somewhere in the desolate region of the Angara river. They must have a competent leader and I fear it will be a difficult matter to capture them—the country is almost inaccessible to mounted troops you know. So far not a trace of the assassins has been found. The assault on the post station has added largely to their numbers—principally convicts of the most dangerous nature. The governor is almost out of his mind with rage and despair. It is no light matter to lose one's daughter in such a way."

"Yes," said Andre, "Varia was a charming girl. I knew her well."

His voice shook with emotion as he thought of the probable fate that awaited her.

"But that affair is only indirectly connected with your summons tonight," resumed Colonel Sudekin, picking up a bunch of papers from the table. "I have received instructions from St. Petersburg to intrust you with a very important mission. You are probably aware that the annual yield from the Czar's gold mines is now in the government treasury of this city, and that this is the time of year when it is customary to send it forward to Russia. Yesterday I would have hesitated to give the order for its transport—knowing as I did that this band of escaped convicts were menacing the post road—but the affair of last night will drive them back into the mountain fastnesses, and the hot pursuit which has already commenced will render the highway safe for some time to come. Therefore I have decided to send the convoy of gold forward at once, and in accordance with orders received you will assume charge of it."

Andre's face flushed and his eyes sparkled with gratification.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he cried. "This is an unexpected mark of esteem. I shall not prove unworthy of your confidence, Colonel Sudekin, I assure you."

The colonel did not reply for a moment. His feelings toward Andre were rather more than those of a commander for a trusted officer in his staff. He had grown to like the young man, as in former days he loved and honored Count Dagmar—a fact of which Andre was ignorant.

"I think I may tell you," he resumed finally, "that if you carry out your orders faithfully, and reach St. Petersburg in safety with the convoy of gold, you will be permitted to remain there with a full restoration to your former rank and position—excepting possibly your place in the Bureau of Police. The Czar has forgiven your indiscretion, but he will hardly place you under the authority of Inspector Jaroslav again. That would be unpleasant for both of you."

Andre did not feel the sting of these last words. The thought of returning to St. Petersburg again, of living there among his old friends and associates, made his head swim, and he took hold of the table for support.

"Yours is an onerous responsibility," continued Colonel Sudekin gravely. "Don't forget that. The gold is valued at two millions of rubles. Of course you will have a strong escort of Cossacks—all tried and trusted men—but the journey is long and unceasing vigilance will be necessary. You will start in three days, and for the present you are relieved from your regular duties."

Colonel Sudekin's voice had again assumed its usual official sternness—a timely warning, which Andre was prompt to heed. He straightened up and stiffly saluted.

"I appreciate this mark of honor," he said huskily, "and I am deeply grateful for the Czar's clemency. As for the safe conduct of the gold—my life shall answer for that."

After receiving a few brief instructions in regard to minor details of the proposed journey, Andre parted from the worthy colonel and rode back through the brilliant gas lit streets with a lighter heart than he had known for many a month. His period of banishment was over, and at the end of that long three thousand mile journey—which seemed trivial enough at the present moment, he saw in imagination the bright vista of his old life—the clubs, the salons and the mess rooms of the Russian capital, and the glittering Neva winding under granite bridges and by stately palaces.

Three days later a string of wagons, four in number, all solidly constructed and boxed up, rumbled by night through the deserted streets of Irkutsk and turned westward along the great Siberian road. Each was drawn by four stout horses and driven by an armed soldier. Ten mounted Cossacks accompanied the convoy, five riding in front and five behind. These wagons held the Czar's golden treasure, and the officer in command of them was Captain Andre Dagmar.

CHAPTER XV.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

IT was late in the afternoon when Valbort and his companions entered a deep rocky gorge through which trickled a tiny stream. Donald's quick ear caught a distant roaring sound and he concluded that a larger stream was not far away. This belief was verified a few moments later. Valbort suddenly halted, and raising his fingers to his lips gave a single shrill whistle. It was answered almost immediately by a similar signal, and as soon as they heard it the convicts hastened forward as fast as they could go.

The gorge soon contracted to a narrow passage, barely wide enough for half a dozen men to walk abreast, and then, after making a sharp turn, it suddenly opened on the banks of a river fully a quarter of a mile wide, though it seemed far less than that, owing to the vast altitude of the mountains that shut in the spot from all sides.

A second whistle from Valbort brought a dozen men out from their hiding places among the rocks. They were all sturdy fellows—some with ferocious aspects, and others with rather pleasing, intelligent faces. They were heavily armed and dressed in thick warm clothes and high boots.

Donald had no doubt that this was the party who committed the assault on General Tichimiroff and carried off his daughter—though the girl was nowhere visible. The whole affair was now perfectly plain to him. These men—all escaped convicts—had banded together and found a safe hiding place in the mountains, supporting themselves by making raids on the travelers and post stations along the great Siberian road.

They were doubtless under efficient leadership, and though Valbort seemed to be in command of all at the present time, Donald felt convinced that he was not the actual chief. The fact that Valbort had made his way eastward after escaping from the Tomsk prison, proved that he must have known of the existence of this band and had purposely gone to join it. For the same reason Leontef and Gross had made their daring escape a few days before. There was nothing strange about this, for it is a well known fact that news of every nature is in some way transmitted among the exiles from one end of Siberia to the other.

Donald watched with much interest the meeting between the two parties. Those convicts who had been rescued from the post station must have had many acquaintances among the others to judge from the warm welcome that was extended to them. They embraced affectionately and in some cases shed tears. The greater part of this convict band probably belonged to the "Terrorists"—that vast secret organization of Russia which relies on dynamite and assassination for the accomplishment of its ends, and has nothing in common with the Socialists, who advocate milder measures.

Donald, who held aloof from the rest, was regarded with suspicion and made the object of more than one whispered conversation. No one but Valbort knew him and that individual was too deeply engaged in consultation with one of his companions to make any explanation.

Donald was standing near enough to catch a whisper of their conversation and the words made his heart leap.

"Where is the girl?" asked Valbort. "I hope no harm has befallen her."

"No," replied the other. "She is safe and even in good spirits. It was thought best to send her on ahead. You know—" Here the conversation became inaudible and a moment later Valbort gave the order to move forward.

It was now late in the afternoon. In two hours at most the sun would go down. The convicts—who now numbered twenty five—fell in with alacrity behind Valbort who led the way to the shore of the river at a point where a high wall of rock fell sheer into the stream.

Without hesitation, Valbort entered the water and waded cautiously forward, keeping close to the steep rocky bank. A distance of nearly a quarter of a mile was traversed in this way, but no word of complaint escaped any of the men, though the water, which at the deepest point did not come to their knees, must have soaked through their boots and chilled their feet painfully. It was necessary to cling to the rocky wall, for just beyond it the water grew deep and rapid and was full of floating cakes of ice.

At length Valbort stepped out on a narrow ledge, which began almost at the water's edge and gradually mounted along the face of the cliff, which rose to a height of several hundred feet and partially overhung the river, so that it was impossible for any one traveling on the ledge to be seen from above. The path was a narrow and dizzy one, but the convicts fearlessly followed their guide, taking care not to look down into the gulf below.

Donald's curiosity increased as he went forward. He began to realize that these men had chosen a hiding place absolutely impregnable and safe from pursuit. That quarter of a mile stretch through the water would effectually throw all pursuers off the track.

The narrow path crept upward by degrees for half a mile until it was scarcely twenty feet from the overhanging brow of the mountain, and then it turned and led downward by a gradual slope of a mile or more—barely wide enough for one man to walk safely—though he must needs be clear headed to do even that—and never varying in width.

Finally, when it was only a few feet above the water, the path made a sharp angle and came to an abrupt end. One by one the men disappeared around this corner until it came Donald's turn, and the next instant he was standing in the strangest place he had ever seen in his life.

Before him was a great hollow—a natural recess scooped right out of the solid rock. In shape it was like a cres-

cent. A beach, paved with pebbles and big stones, served for the floor. It followed the water's edge for a distance of fifty or sixty feet and extended almost as far into the cavern at its deepest part. The place was absolutely impregnable and secure from discovery, for the extent of the beach was cut off at each end by walls of rock which fell sheer into the water. Along the face of the lower wall ran the narrow path by which the men had come, but the upper wall was as smooth as glass—without a crevice or projection.

Far overhead was the brow of the mountain, extending outward to such a distance that none could gaze down upon the beach from the summit. And upon the opposite shore of the river—which at this point was a seething whirlpool plunging madly amid jagged rocks—towered high pinnacles, rising sheer from the water, and heavily timbered. The most skilled mountain climber could scarcely have gained access to their tops. In short, the spot chosen by these escaped convicts for their place of refuge was absolutely safe from the prying eyes of the Cossacks.

These points Donald noted at a brief glance, and then he gave his attention to the scene before him, which was well calculated to excite his interest and curiosity. One corner of the cavern was filled up with stuff that must have been plundered from travelers and post stations along the great Siberian road—innumerable cases of biscuit and dried meats, canned goods and salted fish, hampers of wine, kegs of vodka, and a vast store of arms and ammunition.

Against the rear wall of the cavern were great masses of fir and spruce boughs—evidently used for bedding—and a stack of military blankets, all nearly rolled up.

The only apparent occupants of the place when Valbort and his band arrived, were two rough looking men toasting their limbs over a cheerful wood fire, but a moment later a more striking figure appeared on the scene from behind a great rock in the farthest corner of the cavern.

The new comer was a man of massive build and herculean proportions, between fifty and sixty years of age, to judge from his iron gray beard and mustache—though his fiery eyes and elastic step would have done credit to a much younger man. His features bore the unmistakable stamp of crime and desperation, and on his smooth white forehead was a long purple scar.

One glance at this strange mark sent a shudder through Donald from head to foot, and in an instant memory flashed into his mind, word for word, the proclamation he had seen tacked up on the gateway of the post station. The identification was complete in every particular, and left no room for doubt. The man before him—the leader of this band of convicts—was the famous assassin and "Terrorist," Feodor Baranok, who had escaped from the mines of Kara more than a year before, and on whose head was set a price of 5,000 rubles.

Donald's startled features attracted the attention of Baranok. He strode towards him, but suddenly changed his mind and turned aside to greet some of the newly joined members of the band.

Meanwhile, under Valbort's supervision, more wood was heaped on the fire, and cooking vessels were brought forward, preparatory to getting supper.

The sun was now out of sight. Night was at hand.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

IT was a strange and weird scene that lay before Donald's eyes a few moments later. Close to the fire, in the narrow radius of light which made

the surrounding darkness seem all the blacker, squatted the convicts, some with their backs against the wall of the cavern, and some leaning on the large stones that were scattered about profusely. Two or three officiated as cooks or helpers and passed around tin cups of steaming tea, plates of biscuit, and slices of broiled meat that had the odor and taste of venison.

The men ate greedily—for it was their first meal in many hours—and all the while they talked volubly and with such freedom that Donald gleaned much interesting information. He learned for one thing that the daughter of General Tichimiroff was a prisoner in the cavern, and that the party who carried her off had successfully eluded the pursuing Cossacks. It was not hard to guess where the girl was concealed, for presently Baranok himself filled a tray with food and disappeared behind the big rock that Donald had noticed before. He reappeared almost immediately and took his place by the fire.

Donald ate with as much gusto as the rest, but his satisfaction was marred when he discovered that the convict Gross, who sat opposite, was watching him closely. Although they had traveled together from Tomsk with the exile party, Donald had never exchanged a word with this man, and in fact had rarely been near him. Now there was a peculiar light of recognition in the convict's eyes which rendered Donald uneasy and impressed him with the belief that something unpleasant was about to occur—though what it was likely to be Donald could not conceive. He assumed as careless and nonchalant a manner as possible under the close scrutiny, but all satisfaction in his meal was gone.

Suddenly Gross rose to his feet in such an impulsive manner that all eyes were instantly drawn to him and the hum of conversation ceased.

"I know you now," he cried loudly, pointing one hand at Donald. "You have no business here—you are a traitor. It was you who brought about poor Lavroff's death."

Donald stood up, not knowing how to reply to this charge, and the convicts rose all around him, rage and consternation depicted on their faces.

"Kill him! kill him!" they cried. "Let the traitor die!"

But suddenly Valbort forced his way into the center of the throng with his one arm, and stood by Donald's side.

"Hold on!" he said loudly. "Give this man a chance to explain. You have no right to accuse him, Gross. I was present on the night Lavroff perished, as you all know, and it was to save Lavroff that this man went back, instead of making his escape with me as he might easily have done. It was for that reason I chose him from the other prisoners at the post station."

The murmur of approval that greeted this speech was short lived, for Gross vehemently insisted that Donald was a traitor.

"How do you know that this man went back to save Lavroff?" he replied angrily to Valbort. "I tell you he did nothing of the kind; he went back to save the officer with whom Lavroff was struggling, and it was through this interference that Lavroff was unable to get away and was shot. This man was struck by Lavroff's knife and was in the hospital of the Tomsk prison for a day or two. I saw him there myself, when I was laid up with fever, and I heard the guards telling the story I have just been telling you. Oh! there is no doubt of it. He is to blame for Lavroff's death, and unless we put him out of the way he will find an opportunity for more treachery."

Valbort came close up to Donald and caught him by the shoulders so that their faces were close together.

"Does this man lie or does he tell the truth?" he demanded fiercely. "Speak, or it will be the worse for you."

One swift glance at the surging mob of convicts showed Donald with whom their sympathies lay. They believed every word that Gross had said. It was a terrible situation, and yet even in this moment of trial and suspense Donald realized that he must tell the truth—that he could gain only a temporary respite by denying Gross's statement.

He resolved to appeal to Baranok and tell him the whole story of his misfortunes, but even before this resolve was made his helpless attitude and pale face confirmed the convicts' belief in his guilt. They crowded around him, forcing Valbort aside, and in an instant long knives were flashing in the firelight, and the cavern echoed with hoarse cries of "Kill the traitor! Avenge Lavroff!"

In vain Valbort and Baranok attempted to still the excitement. The men were like tigers, hungry for blood, and in their present mood a loaded cannon could scarcely have held them at bay.

Donald believed that his last moment had come, but with the instinct of self defense that seldom deserts a man in the most hopeless of situations, he took advantage of a gap in the crowd to gain a large rock and plant his back firmly against it. Then he faced the flashing knives and savage faces, longing for a weapon with which to defend himself.

His enemies crowded close upon him, but none were bold enough to strike the first blow. So far they contented themselves with threats and imprecations, and brandishing of knives.

"Stop!" cried Valbort in so loud and commanding a voice that the mob involuntarily became silent. "Let us first know who this man is before we take his life. If he has no claim to be one of us then you can do your will."

"Yes! yes!" cried a dozen voices. "Let him tell his name! What was his crime against the government?"

The ominous knives were partially lowered and amid utter silence every eye was turned expectantly on Donald. Baranok and Valbort were as eager as the rest to hear his reply.

For a moment Donald turned dizzy. He seemed to feel the sharp knives piercing his flesh. What could he tell these savage men that would soften their mood and obtain for him a lease of life?

They would not listen to the truth—that was certain. What mattered it to them that he was an American and suffering in some one else's place? If he proclaimed himself as Donald Chumleigh they would laugh at him—and swiftly put an end to his life. Suddenly a wild idea flashed into his mind. He would tell them that he was Serge Masloff. Who Serge Masloff was he knew not, but he felt instinctively that the name must be known to some of these men. At all events the ruse was worth trying. It might gain for him a temporary respite. Later on, if necessary, he could confess the truth to Baranok and throw himself on the mercy of this famous Terrorist.

These thoughts passed through Donald's mind in much less time than it takes to put them on paper. There was no time to spare, for the men were growing impatient. The hesitation, short as it was, seemed to them suspicious.

"Why don't he speak?" growled some one.

"He dare not," spoke up another. "He has nothing to tell us."

Donald quietly raised one hand and the mutterings subsided.

"You demand my name," he said firmly. "Well, I will tell you. It is Serge Masloff."

As the words fell from his lips the silence was so intense that a pin might have been heard to drop. In the upturned faces Donald read amazement, joy, incredulity—and in some few unmistakable anger. Among these latter was Valbort. He sprang forward and with one hand seized Donald roughly by the throat.

"You dog of a liar," he cried, "you are no more Serge Masloff than I am. Don't think to deceive us in that way. Tell me your real name, quick, or I won't answer for your life."

Before Donald could utter a sound or fling off the choking grasp of his assailant an amazing thing occurred. With a hoarse cry Feodor Baranok dashed through the circle of men, and seizing Pierre Valbort in his powerful arms he hurled him to one side with such violence that he rolled into the fire, scattering the burning brands in every direction. Then Baranok stood in front of Donald so as to shield him with his body, and drawing a great long bladed knife from his side he faced the wondering crowd with flashing eyes and passion distorted face.

"The first man who dares to come forward I'll spit like a dog," he cried hotly. "You must walk over my dead body to touch this defenseless prisoner. You heard the name that he gave, and you know well—some of you at least—what it means to me if he is telling the truth—if he really is Serge Masloff."

Here his voice grew husky and broke down in a sob, while a tear trickled down his cheek.

The convicts were thunderstruck at this emotion on the part of their dreaded leader. They put their weapons away and waited to see what would happen next.

"I'm in a nice fix now," thought Donald with a shudder. "This is out of the frying pan into the fire with a vengeance. I wish I had stuck to the truth."

As Baranok faced his men with unchanged mien, still mistrustful of an attack, Pierre Valbort limped sullenly forward and halted at a respectful distance from the man who had treated him so brutally.

"I want a word with you, Feodor Baranok," he said loudly. "You are a reasonable man, and I know you will listen to me. I forgive you the assault. You did not know what you were doing, and besides you had some provocation. What I want to say is this: It is some years, is it not, since you have laid eyes upon Serge Masloff—in fact, the last time you saw him he was an infant? Very well; I have known him for five years more, and in that interval I have been with him many times. You must admit that also. It is true that Serge Masloff was caught and is somewhere now in Siberia, though we have not been able to trace him. But that man there is not Serge Masloff, nor does he even resemble him. If you wish more convincing proof question him and see if he can answer correctly."

The convicts testified their approval of these words by nodding their heads.

"Yes; put him to the test," they muttered. "If he is the real Serge Masloff he can easily prove it. If he is deceiving us he must die."

Feodor Baranok turned around and faced Donald with a look in his eye that made the latter tremble, but before a word was spoken something happened that caused the momentous question of Serge Masloff's identity to be instantly forgotten.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL DISLIKE.

"I DON'T like Dr. Allopath."
"Why?"
"He ordered my rich aunt a change of heir."—Puck.

A TRAVELING FORTRESS.

WHILE all Russia is popularly supposed to be crying to the heavens for freedom from the tyranny of its oppressors, the chief of these, judging from an article in the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, might well be expected to rebel against the fate that makes him the prisoner for life of his seditious subjects. This is how his confinement is extended to his travels:

When the Czar travels in Russia the precautions taken for his safety could not be greater were he in the enemy's country. A battalion of infantry is detailed for every two miles of distance, and, allowing five hundred men as the strength of each battalion, every spot of ground on both sides of the track is covered by sentinels within easy distance of each other. The Czar is whirled off to the station, accompanied by the chosen twelve of a bodyguard, without pomp or circumstance, swiftly and silently. The Czar always travels in a train of five carriages. His carriage is built in a peculiar way.

The windows, while ample for light, are high, so that a person sitting down is invisible from the outside, and the sides of the car are fortified with plates of steel concealed in the ornamental woodwork, but amply strong to resist a bullet. There are two sentry boxes in the carriage, one at each end and each looking out at an opposite side from the other. The guardsmen on duty in these apartments are shut in from any observation of the interior of the carriage, but at intervals of about two feet the whole length of the saloon are electric buttons communicating with the guard chambers, as well as with the two carriages, one containing the suite and the other, in the rear, occupied by the guardsmen not on duty. So far as the train itself is concerned, the Czar could be no more secure in St. Petersburg.

The train speeds on to its destination without a halt, except on account of accident. At a distance of not less than five miles ahead is a pioneer train, in which the Imperial Director of Railways and the chief engineer of the particular railway on which the Czar is traveling always rides. As the pilot train whizzes by, the reserves along the line rush to arms and guard the sides of the railway waiting until the Imperial train has passed, so that the spectacle is presented of continuous lines of soldiery for hundreds of miles. Arrived at the end of his journey, the Czar is escorted to the quarters intended for the Imperial family.

The streets are guarded by special constables in the attire of citizens. Every property owner has been called upon to supply one or more of these men at his own expense to do duty when the sovereign makes a public appearance. The constables average one in ten of the crowd that throngs the streets, and, being in ordinary dress, they mingle with the people, note what is said, and, perhaps, do something that will obtain them regular employment among the secret police. With one tenth the population engaged as spies upon the remainder, with troops enough concentrated to stand a formidable siege, and his faithful guardsmen dogging every step, the Czar goes through the forms of a visit to the ancient capital of Russia, or whatever city he may choose to honor.

FOR DOLLS ONLY.

It may seem strange that a man can gain a livelihood year after year from the manufacture of a mere accessory to a toy. Yet the New York *Sun* tells of an artisan who does.

A stout blond German has been busy all summer in a Bleeker Street basement making wicker armed chairs for dolls. He sells to the wholesalers, and the bulk of the product reaches the public during Christmas week. The maker receives \$30 a gross for these chairs, and is able to make about three dozen a day. He also makes dolls' coaches of wicker and other small articles for make believe babies. When asked to make things for live grown folks he refers would be customers to a big factory where he was once employed. In big things the manufacturers can undersell him.

MYSTERIOUS BELLS.

A NOVEL scarecrow, described by the *London Tit Bits*, is worthy of the Yankee inventor of the wooden nutmeg:

Some of the farmers of the Eifel, the district that lies between the frontier of Belgium and the Rhine, adopt a novel plan for scaring the birds from the wheat. A number of poles are set up in the cornfields, and a wire is conducted from one to another, just like the telegraph posts that you see alongside the railway. From the top of each post there hangs a bell, which is connected with the wire. Now, in the valley a brook runs along, with a current strong enough to turn a small water wheel, to which the wire is fastened. As the wheel goes round it jerks the wire, and so the bells in the different fields are set a tinkling. The bells thus mysteriously rung frighten the birds from the grain, and even excite the wonder of men and women until they discover the secret. This simple contrivance is found to serve its purpose very well.

NOTHING IN VAIN.

NOR is a true soul ever born for naught;
Wherever any such hath lived and died,
There hath been something for true freedom
wrought.
Some bulwark leveled on the evil side.
Extract from Lowell's Sonnets.

A South African Hunt.

BY HUBERT DAVIS.

IT was near noon when a party of five, mounted on tough ponies of surprising endurance and intelligence, emerged from a dense forest and surveyed before them a vast plain covered with tall, matted grass—a jungle of Cape Colony, South Africa.

The party was headed by Captain Stryker, U. S. N.; with him were Lieutenant Rhodes, his comrade of adventure in many lands, and his two nephews, Percy and Russell Godwin, aged sixteen and eighteen respectively. A little Hottentot youth whom they called by the convenient name of Tot and who was their guide, completed the company, whose quest on this day was the formidable rhinoceros abounding in those parts and particularly frequenting these jungles which contain in great profusion the wild rice of which these animals are exceedingly fond.

A halt was made during which guns were examined and saddle girths tightened, and then Tot proposed that he and one of the boys should make a circuit, which would take them around to a point half a mile away. Then, if any rhinoceros was between them, he would discover his danger and make off toward the others in waiting, who, if they used ordinary discretion, would gain a fair chance of bringing down some of the gigantic game.

This understanding was scarcely reached when a small bird suddenly rose from the grass at a distance of less than a hundred yards and, shooting straight up in the air, gave utterance to a sharp, peculiar note which could be heard a long way off.

Tot muttered impatiently in his own language, and then explained that the bird which had just risen, was the *Buphaga Africana*, or rhinoceros bird, the most devoted and faithful friend of the rhinoceros. It constantly attends the beast, feeding on the insects which infest its muddy hide. While thus employed, it is on the lookout for enemies of the rhinoceros. The instant it detects the approach of the hunter it flies above the animal, uttering the sharp cries which he understands at once.

The party had come upon a rhinoceros without suspecting it. The bird did not rise more than fifty feet from the ground when she descended and circled about in great excitement, all the time emitting the cries of warning.

The horseman could not see the rhinoceros, but he was plainly heard as he went crashing through the grass with a speed which the best steed would find it hard to surpass when impeded by the luxuriant undergrowth. It looked as though they were baffled at the outset. They turned to their guide for advice.

The Hottentot made known that he had often been annoyed by the persistence and vigilance of the little bird, but when the party numbered four or five, he had usually succeeded in outwitting the feathered sentinel by making with part of the company the wide circle that had already been agreed upon.

The arrangement was that Tot and Russell should attempt the difficult task of reaching the other side of the rhinoceros, while the rest should stay where they were, with the expectation, or rather hope, that the game would thus be driven within reach of their guns.

Accordingly, the two named turned their horses' heads to the right and be-

gan the long circuit, which sober second thought, as it struck young Godwin, convinced him was more likely to fail than succeed.

Tot rode a short distance in advance, leaning forward and peering right and left, like an Indian trying to steal his way through an enemy's lines.

The route taken by the Hottentot was considerably more than half a mile. The sameness of their surroundings prevented Russell from keeping the points of the compass clear, but the slight breeze blowing enabled him to tell when the final turn was made, and they were advancing straight toward the party whom they had left behind.

To make it still more likely that the game might be driven in, Tot suggested that the two separate a little and then each proceed straight toward the waiting hunters. They would thus be beating up a wider extent of jungle than if they both proceeded together. Accordingly, Tot, having given Russell his bearings, made off into the jungle on the line of the circle they had been traversing, while Russell struck directly for their point of departure.

He had proceeded but a few rods, when, all at once the *Buphaga Africana* uttered its piercing note, fluttered excitedly to view, gyrating about as though caught in a whirlwind, and proving, beyond question, that the enormous game was close at hand.

As it was immediately in front of Russell that the bird rose, he knew he was near one of the beasts. He spurred his horse forward and stood up in the stirrups so as to gain, if possible, a view of the enormous quadruped.

He could see the swaying grass, and a second later he caught sight of the vast broad back, like a shoal of dried mud, as it swung ponderously through the reeds.

Nothing inspires a sportsman with courage so much as the sight of his fleeing game, and Russell urged his horse to do his best. The steed did not need urging, but, with a snort of excitement, galloped with an eagerness fully as great as that of his rider.

When the lad caught sight of the huge animal again, he could scarcely restrain his excitement.

"We've got him, Tot!" he called out; "let's shoot him ourselves! the others can wait; we have earned the best right to the fellow. Ride fast and he won't get away from us!"

Russell ceased his appeals, for he received no reply from the Hottentot, from whom he had separated only a few minutes before. He wondered how it was he disappeared so quickly, but it was no time to inquire, and he kept his horse at his best pace, fired by the thrilling thought that it might be his good fortune to bring down the royal game without the assistance of any one.

He let the reins lie loose on his horse's neck, while he held his rifle ready to fire whenever the proper time should come.

The conduct of the little bird was not without interest. Having got its bulky friend on the run, it ascended still higher in air, and ceased its cries, as though content to view the chase from that elevation. When, however, the rhinoceros held up for a few moments, as if to take its bearings, the bird shot downward again, uttering such piercing warnings that the beast plunged forward with renewed speed.

About this time Russell, even when in the flush of his newly formed ambition, became aware of the unpleasant fact that he was not gaining upon the game. The rhinoceros, perhaps on account of its vastly superior weight, crushed through the obstructions with greater speed than did the light and more graceful horse.

"You shan't get away without getting

something to remember me by!" exclaimed the disappointed boy, bringing his rifle to his shoulder.

He had learned to fire from the back of his horse when on a gallop, and he was confident his aim was true at the moment he pulled trigger. Most probably he struck the rhinoceros, but, if so, the animal himself gave no evidence of it.

For a minute or two longer he could hear the beast tearing through the grass, though nothing could be seen of him, nor could the eye follow his course. Even the alarm bird was not visible, and Russell could not help suspecting that the little sentinel had settled down to rest, under the belief that no danger at all threatened his gigantic friend.

Meanwhile the captain, the lieutenant and Percy Godwin impatiently awaited the appearance of the game which Russell and Tot were expected to drive toward them.

Suddenly, while the friends were talking in low tones, every one detected a crashing through the grass, which they knew was made by a rhinoceros coming toward them. The intervening rushes prevented his catching sight of the men until quite close, so there was every chance of gaining a good shot at the huge beast.

He was yet some distance off, pounding through the grass, when the little bird, which had perched itself again on his back, made the alarming discovery that its gigantic patron was plunging directly into the danger from which he supposed he was fleeing. Instantly the bird shot up in the air, circling to a height of fifty feet, uttering its wildest cries, and straining every nerve to apprise the rhinoceros of his peril.

But the situation was an unfortunate one for the endangered party. He knew, of course, that his enemies were near, but, as he last saw them directly behind him, he must have supposed they were advancing from that point.

Accepting the warning of his diminutive friend, therefore, as a call to increase his speed, he crashed forward like a runaway mountain, until he found himself in the very midst of the party from which he supposed he was fleeing. When the rhinoceros saw the horsemen on all sides, he stopped, wheeled and started off in the opposite direction; but this was what the three horsemen were waiting for. Captain Stryker knew the proper, and, indeed, the only manner in which the beast should be shot, and when he was turning, each of the three rifles were discharged in quick succession.

Struck under such circumstances, the animal could not fail to be hit hard. He emitted his whiffing, pig-like grunt, and drove furiously through the grass for a few steps, when he lunged forward, plowing up the earth with his horned nose, and rolling upon his side; then the mountainous mass lay still.

"He is dead!" exclaimed Percy, in no little excitement, spurring his horse toward him.

"Be careful!" admonished the lieutenant; "the animal sometimes pretends he is dead, like the opossum, and he may rip up your horse if you ride too close."

Thus warned, the lad sprang to the ground and advanced cautiously toward the carcass, his two friends doing the same. A brief scrutiny convinced him that the game was lifeless, and they stepped forward to make a closer examination.

At this instant the report of a rifle reached them. It sounded to the eastward, the direction whence the game had come, and they had no doubt the weapon was discharged by one of their friends, as was indeed the case, Russell having fired just at that moment to lo-

cate his companions whom he feared he had missed.

Percy answered in a clear, ringing voice, and responses came from two quarters. It was but a minute before Russell rode up, and almost at the same moment Tot also appeared from a different direction.

They all proceeded with the interrupted examination of the dead game.

"That is curious," remarked Percy, after inspecting every part of the body; "I can't find a wound upon it."

"No," replied the captain; "there is none to be seen, unless it's on the other side; and the only way to decide that is to dig a pit under him, for he's too big to roll over."

"But the lieutenant and I fired from his left side, and he is lying on his right, so it would seem your bullet is the only one that struck him."

"And I am certain I struck him on the flank just before he disappeared," chimed in Russell.

The captain laughed as he added:

"Each of you hit him fairly."

"Where, then, are the wounds?"

"Though you may see no signs of them, they have done their execution all the same. If the carcass was turned over you would not see any mark upon that side. The reason is that the skin is so loose, thick, and flabby that, when a bullet passes through it into his body, the skin slides over and covers up the wound. No blood shows itself, even though the beast is mortally wounded, for he bleeds to death inwardly."

It was thus the two lads brought down their first rhinoceros and laid the foundation for a tremendous reputation at home as young but mighty Nimrods.

FLOWERS EVERYWHERE.

A WRITER speaks enthusiastically in *Harper's Bazar* about the pertinacity of flowers in certain parts of the West. But when he gives the following pretty picture of a street in a Colorado city, one is tempted to inquire if the population has deserted the town where the grass grows under the feet:

Remarkable are the places in which the flowers are found. Not only are they seen in crevices all the way up the straight side of rocks, where one would hardly think a seed could lodge, but beside the roads, between the horse tracks, and on the edge of gutters in the streets of a city. One can walk down any street in Colorado Springs and gather a bouquet, lovely and fragrant, choice enough to adorn any one's table. I once counted twelve varieties in crossing one vacant corner lot on the principal street.

THE PRINCE'S EYEBROWS.

ACCORDING to a celebrated humorist's amusing legend, roast pig originated in China. The *Detroit Free Press* tells the mythological story of the Oriental origin of another item of the bill of fare, tea:

An Indian Prince named Darma, of a holy and religious character, visited China in the year 516 A. D. for the purpose of instructing the Celestials in the duties of religion. He led a most abstemious life and denied himself all rest or relaxation of body and mind.

At last tired nature rebelled against such treatment, and thoroughly exhausted the prince fell asleep. When he awoke he was so mortified at his weakness that in order to purge himself of what he considered an almost unpardonable sin he cut off his eyebrows, considering them the instruments of his crime.

They fell upon the ground and each individual hair became transformed into a shrub, which eventually came to be known by the name of tea.

Prior to that time it had been unknown, but Darma quickly discovered the agreeable property of its leaves, which endowed his mind with fresh powers to master abstruse religious principles and prevented sleep from closing his eyes at inopportune moments.

He recommended its virtues to his disciples, who in turn sang its praises to all whom they met. In a very short time its use became general throughout the celestial kingdom, from which it gradually extended to all parts of the earth.

Darma's memory is perpetuated in Chinese and Japanese drawings by the representation of a rude figure of an old man standing in the water with a reed under his feet and one of his eyebrows sprouting out into a tea leaf.

AMONG THE COTTON FIELDS OF GEORGIA.

My ol' boss,
He know how to figger,
Know w'at dey cos'
'N' how to wo'k er nigger;
Sweet in de mouf
But 'e stan' no kickin',
'Way down Souf,
In ol' cotton pickin'!

Jes' fo' day,
Out o' bed 'e toss 'em
Off an' away;
W'en de jew is on de blossom,
Open yo' mouf,
Ef yo' want'er git a lickin',
'Way down Souf,
In ol' cotton pickin'!

Oh, dat lam',
Dey ain't no beatin',
Money in de hand
An' a sight o' jolly eatin',
Melt in yo' mouf
'Tater pone 'n' chicken,
'Way down Souf,
In ol' cotton pickin'!

My gal sly
She do de cookin',
Gimme chicken pie
W'en de misses ain't er lookin',
Rain er drouf
You'll fin' me er sticken'
'Way down Souf,
In ol' cotton pickin'!

—Atlanta Journal

[This Story began in Number 456.]

A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom,"
"Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GERALD HAS AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE.

IT was certainly a matter of surprise that a man like Standish should put up at a high priced and fashionable hotel like the Lindell. Moreover Gerald soon learned that he had a room very near them. There was but one between. One thing more that looked suspicious, was that Standish, though he frequently passed Gerald and his companion, appeared to take very little notice of them.

"I am afraid Mr. Standish is cutting us, Mr. Brooke," said Gerald laughing. "Perhaps we are not up to his standard," returned Brooke. "I suppose there is no help for it. If you think a little social attention would conciliate him—"

"Such as lending him a five dollar bill," suggested Gerald.

"I see you have some knowledge of human nature, Gerald. I confess I should like to find out the man's object in following us, for it is evident that our being at this hotel is the attraction for him."

"I will engage him in conversation," said Gerald, "on the first opportunity."

"Do so."

That evening Gerald met Mr. Standish in the lobby of the hotel.

"I believe we met on the steamer coming down the river," began Gerald politely.

"Yes," answered Standish promptly. "You are with an Englishman."

"Yes."

"I recognized you both, but I did not wish to intrude. Do you remain long in this city?"

"I don't know. Mr. Brooke is making a leisurely tour of the States, and it depends upon him."

"If you are not expected to spend all your time with him, I should like to go about a little with you."

"Then you are going to spend some time in St. Louis?" Gerald ventured to inquire.

"That depends on circumstances. I am here on a little matter of business. I am a traveling salesman."

"Indeed! In what line?"

"I travel for a house in Chicago,"

said Mr. Standish vaguely. "I would answer your questions, but our house is peculiar, and requires its agents to be very close mouthed."

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't wish to be inquisitive."

"You can imagine how absurd it was for a man of my standing to be accused of raising the alarm of fire on the boat."

"Yes," answered Gerald noncommittally.

In his own mind he was convinced that Standish *did* raise the alarm, but did not consider it necessary to say so.

"You are much indebted to the gentleman who came to your assistance," he said instead.

"Yes, he is a gentleman! I believe you know him?"

"Yes. Is he staying in St. Louis?"

"I think he went on to New Orleans."

"But he left the boat."

"Yes, for a day or two. I have not seen him since."

"Your room is near ours."

"Is it? I hadn't noticed."

Gerald knew better than this, for he had seen Standish standing in front of their door and scrutinizing it curiously.

The next morning he noticed something else. In the vicinity of the Southern Hotel he saw Samuel Standish and Bradley Wentworth walking together in close conference. It might have been their first meeting, so he found an opportunity some hours later of saying to Standish: "I thought I saw Mr. Wentworth in the street today."

"Indeed! Where?"

Gerald returned an evasive answer. "You may be right," said Standish.

"If he is here I shall be glad to meet him and thank him once more for the service he did me."

"It is clear there is something between them," decided Gerald, "and that something must relate to me and the papers Mr. Wentworth is so anxious to secure."

But in that event it puzzled Gerald that Mr. Standish seemed to take no special pains to cultivate their acquaintance—as he might naturally have been expected to do. He was destined to find out that Standish was not idle.

One day—the fifth of his stay in St. Louis—Gerald was walking in one of the poorer districts of the city, when a boy of ten, with a thin, pallid face and shabby clothes, sidled up to him.

"Oh, mister," he said, whimpering, "won't you come wid me? I'm afraid my mudder will beat me if I go home alone."

"What makes you think your mother will beat you?"

"Coz she sent me out for a bottle of whisky this mornin' and I broke it."

"Does your mother drink whisky?" asked Gerald compassionately.

"Yes, mister, she's a reg'lar tank, she is."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I have a little brudder. She licks him awful."

"Have you no father?"

"No; he got killed on the railroad two years ago."

"I am sorry for you," said Gerald in a tone of sympathy. "Here is a quarter."

"Thank you, mister."

"Perhaps that will prevent your mother from beating you."

"I don't know," said the boy doubtfully. "Mudder's a hard case. She's awful strong. Won't you go home with me?"

"I am afraid I can't say anything that will make any impression on your mother. Where do you live?"

The boy pointed to a shabby house of three stories, situated not far away.

"It's only a few steps, mister."

"Perhaps I may be able to do the little fellow some good," thought Gerald.

"At any rate, as the house is so near, I may as well go in."

"Very well," he said aloud. "I'll go in and see your mother. Do you think she has been drinking lately?"

"No; I spilt the whisky. That's why she's mad."

Gerald followed the boy to the house. His companion opened the outer door, and revealed a steep staircase covered with a very ragged oilcloth, and led the way up.

"Come along!" he said.

When he reached the head of the first flight he kept on.

"Is it any higher up?"

"Yes, one story furdur."

Gerald followed the boy, inhaling as he went up, musty and disagreeable odors, and felt that if it had not been on an errand of mercy he would have been inclined to retreat and make his way back to the street.

The boy pushed on to the rear room on the third floor, and opened the door a little way.

"Come in!" he said.

Gerald followed him in, and began to look around for the mother whom he had come to see. But the room appeared to be empty.

A sound startled him. It was the sound of a key in the lock. He turned quickly and found that his boy guide had mysteriously disappeared and left him alone.

He tried the door, only to confirm his suspicion that he had been locked in.

"What does it all mean?" he asked himself in genuine bewilderment.

He knocked loudly at the door, and called out, "Boy, open the door."

The only answer was a discordant laugh, and he heard the steps of the boy as he hurried down stairs.

Gerald was completely bewildered. Had the boy been a man, he would have been on his guard, but who could be suspicious of a street urchin, whose story seemed natural enough. What evil design could he have, or what could he do now that his victim was trapped?

"I wish he would come back, so that I might question him," thought Gerald.

With the hope of bringing this about Gerald began to pound on the door.

"Come back here, boy!" he called out in a loud tone. "Come back, and let me out!"

But no one answered. In fact the boy who had proved so unworthy of his compassion was by this time in the street, laughing aloud at his successful maneuver.

"Dat's a good one!" he said gleefully.

"I got de bloke in good. Uncle Sam offered me half a dollar if I'd do it. I'll strike him for a dollar if I can."

After waiting five minutes Gerald tried a second fusillade on the door. This brought a response, not from his young jailer, but from a choleric German who lived opposite.

"I say, you stop dat or I'll come in and break your *kopf*!" he said.

"Come in!" cried Gerald eagerly.

"I have been locked in."

"If I come in I mash you!"

"Come in, and I'll take the risk."

"How I come in widout de key?"

"I don't know, unless you break open the door."

"And pay damages to de landlord? Not much, *nein*, I guess not," and the stout German walked away.

"I suppose I shall have to wait till some one else comes," said Gerald to himself, and he sat down on a wooden chair without a back.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TIP AND HIS TRICKS.

A LITTLE reflection led Gerald to feel more comfortable. Without knowing exactly why he had been imprisoned, he concluded that it might

be for purposes of plunder. Now he was not in the habit of carrying much money about with him, and his purse contained but fifteen dollars. Having no bills to pay, he allowed his salary to accumulate in the hands of his employer, and this accounted for his being so poorly provided.

"They are welcome to the fifteen dollars if they will let me out of this cage," he soliloquized. "Of course it's an imposition, but it won't ruin me. I wish that young rascal would come back."

But the young rascal was at that very moment talking in the street below with a man whose face looks familiar. In fact, it was Mr. Samuel Standish.

"I've got him, Uncle Sam," said the boy, when his respected relation turned the corner.

"You have, really?" exclaimed Standish, his face lighting up with satisfaction.

"Wish ter die if I ain't. Now give me that dollar."

"I didn't promise you a dollar, Tip. It was only fifty cents."

"It's worth a dollar," said the boy, screwing up his face. "I had awful hard work getting him here. Told him my mudder would beat me if he didn't come along and get me off."

"You're a smart one, Tip—take after your uncle."

"Den it's worth a dollar."

"Here, I'll give you seventy five cents; that is, I'll see first if he's there," added Standish cautiously.

"You don't think I'd lie, do you, Uncle Sam?" said Tip with an injured look.

"It wouldn't be the first time, I'm afraid."

"I take after my uncle," said Tip, twisting his elf-like features into a grin.

"You've got me there, Tip. You are a smart one. Where is he?"

"Up stairs, in de room."

"Is he locked in?"

"Well, I reckon."

"Come up with me, Tip, and, if I find it's true, I'll give you the dollar."

"Come along, den."

Tip went up the rickety staircase, two steps at a time, and Samuel Standish followed in a more leisurely way.

Arrived at the landing, Standish signaled to Tip to knock on the door.

Tip did so.

"Is you dere?" he asked.

"Yes; let me out!" cried Gerald eagerly.

"What'll you give me?"

Gerald was tempted to answer "a licking," but he reflected that it would not be prudent. He must temporize.

"You've played a trick on me, and you don't deserve anything. But I'll give you another quarter, and won't say anything about it."

"So he gave you a quarter, did he, Tip?" inquired Standish.

"No; he's only gassin'," said Tip.

"Now do you believe he's dere?"

"Yes; it's all right."

"Where's de money?"

Samuel Standish drew seventy five cents from his pocket—a fifty cent piece and a quarter—and handed them to his promising nephew.

"I want a dollar," said Tip doggedly.

"You've got it."

"No, I haven't."

"The boy inside gave you twenty five cents."

"Dat's what I call mean."

"Go away, you young rogue! You've got more money now than you will make good use of. There's many a time even now when I haven't got as much."

"I say, uncle," asked the boy, excited by curiosity "what are you goin' to do wid him?"

"That's my affair. I have some business with him—important business."

"Let me go in wid you!"

"If you don't clear out I'll kick you down stairs."

A glance at his uncle's face satisfied Tip that he meant what he said, and making a virtue of necessity, he descended the stairs, two steps at a time.

Gerald heard him and became alarmed. "Come back here and let me out!" he called. "I'll pay you well."

If Tip had heard this he would have been tempted to retrace his steps, for if there was anything the young rascal was fond of it was money. But he was already out of hearing.

Gerald, however, heard a key inserted in the lock, and his hopes rose again. He had not heard the voice of Standish, and was not aware of his presence, but stood ready to make a rush out of the room when the door opened. But he reckoned without his host. The door opened, indeed, but only sufficiently to admit the figure of Samuel Standish.

"Mr. Standish!" exclaimed Gerald in astonishment.

"Yes, my dear young friend. I've come to make you a call."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. STANDISH STATES HIS BUSINESS.

AS Mr. Standish spoke, he slipped into the room adroitly, closed the door again, and locked it.

He looked about for a seat, and discovered a rocking chair, which, like the chair Gerald occupied, appeared to be suffering from infirmity and old age.

"Glad to see you again, Gerald?" he said urbanely.

"Mr. Standish, are you responsible for this outrage?" demanded Gerald angrily.

"For what outrage, my dear young friend?"

"Did you send that boy to lure me in here?"

"That boy is my promising nephew, Tip Standish."

"I am not surprised to hear it. Was he acting under your orders?"

"You've hit it, my dear boy. He was acting under my orders, and I am proud to say that he did himself credit."

"He told me a story about being in danger of a beating from his mother." Standish laughed.

"His mother is a poor weak woman weighing about ninety pounds. She isn't strong enough to harm a fly."

"In other words the boy lied."

"Tip has remarkable inventive powers. He may make a story writer in time."

"I am quite sure he doesn't excel you—in invention, Mr. Standish."

"Thank you, dear boy. It is pleasant to be appreciated. You do me proud, you really do."

"Never mind compliments, Mr. Standish. Of course you had some object in luring me here. What is it?"

"I admire the quickness with which you come to business. Really you are a very smart boy."

"With all my smartness I have fallen into a trap. Now, what do you want?"

"Perhaps you might have some idea—can't you now?"

"I can think of nothing except money. I suppose you want to rob me."

"My dear boy!" protested Standish, "you misjudge me. What, Samuel Standish a common thief! I am indeed mortified. I was not aware that you carried a large sum of money with you," he added, not without curiosity.

"I don't," answered Gerald. "I have only fifteen dollars in my pocketbook."

Samuel Standish in spite of his disclaimer looked somewhat disappointed, but he kept up appearances.

"Keep the money, my boy!" he said with a wave of the hand. "Keep the money! Heaven forbid that I should deprive you of it. Samuel Standish is a man of honor."

Gerald gazed at him with increasing bewilderment. He had not expected such a display of honesty. Moreover, if Standish did not want money, what did he want? What could be his object in trapping him?

"If I have done you injustice, Mr. Standish, I apologize," he said. "I supposed it must be money you wanted, for I could think of nothing else. Of course in confining me you are committing an illegal act. If you will release me at once I will overlook what has already passed."

"You are a smart boy, Gerald," said Samuel Standish jocosely. "You ought to have been a lawyer."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"Oh, you are quite welcome, I am sure."

"I must trouble you to release me at once, as Mr. Brooke expects me back at the hotel. We had arranged to take an excursion."

"I shouldn't like to interfere with any little arrangement you have made. Gerald, I am your friend, though you may not think it."

"Well, your treatment of me this morning doesn't seem like it. Is it your custom to trap and kidnap those to whom you are friendly?"

Mr. Standish laughed.

"Not in general," he answered, "but I wanted an interview with you for special reasons."

"It was not necessary to kidnap me in order to obtain it. If you had requested an interview I would have granted it."

"Well, perhaps so, but I wanted to make sure. I wanted an interview somewhere where we were not likely to be interrupted."

"As you have your wish, will you please come to business, and let me know what you want of me?"

Samuel Standish leaned forward and said significantly, "I want some papers that you are carrying about with you."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. STANDISH GAINS A BARREN VICTORY.

GERALD was not altogether surprised by what his visitor said.

When Standish disclaimed any wish to secure his money, he began to suspect, remembering the confidential meeting with Bradley Wentworth, that it was the papers that were wanted. Desiring to learn what he could of Wentworth's agency in the matter, he said non committally, "To what papers do you refer?"

"You know well enough," answered Standish, winking.

"Perhaps I do. Are you employed by Mr. Wentworth?"

"Who is Mr. Wentworth?"

"The gentleman who saved you from from being thrown overboard on the steamer."

"Have you any papers of his?"

"No; but I have some papers that he wants to get possession of."

"He told me they belonged to him."

"Then you are his agent?"

"I may as well admit it. Now what have you got to say?"

"That the papers are mine."

"Then why does Mr. Wentworth want them?"

This inquiry was made in good faith, for Standish had not been taken into confidence by his employer, and he was puzzled to understand why it was that the papers were considered of such importance.

"Because he owes me, as my father's representative, a large sum of money, and these papers are very important evidence to that effect."

"How much did you say that he owes you?" asked Standish in a matter of fact tone.

"I didn't say," returned Gerald.

"Oh, I beg pardon. I did not suppose it was a secret."

"I don't mind telling you that Mr. Wentworth has repeatedly offered me a thousand dollars for the papers."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Standish; "and he only offered me two hundred dollars for them," he soliloquized. "The boy has given me a valuable hint, which I shall make use of. When the papers are in my possession it will go hard with me if I don't get more than two hundred dollars for them."

His only fear was that Gerald would refuse to deliver them to him, and hold them for the large sum promised by Mr. Wentworth.

"You have no further dealings with Mr. Wentworth," he said hastily. "You must deal with me. But, first have you the papers with you? You had better answer truly, for if you deny it I shall search you."

"I have them with me," answered Gerald briefly.

"Come, we are getting on," said Standish, delighted to hear this. "Now you will save yourself trouble by handing them over at once."

"How much are you authorized to give me for them?" asked Gerald demurely.

"Your freedom. Give them to me and you shall be released at the end of an hour."

"Why not at once?"

"Because you might be tempted to hand me over to the police, though you could not prove anything against me. Still it might be inconvenient."

"Do you expect me to give you without compensation what I have been offered a thousand dollars for?"

"Yes, under the circumstances."

"Suppose I refuse to give them up?"

"Then you will be imprisoned here for an indefinite period."

"I don't believe it. I would raise an alarm, and some one would be sure to hear it and interfere in my behalf."

"I am glad you have put me on my guard. Nothing will be easier than for me to charge you with insanity and have you committed to an asylum."

Gerald shuddered at this threat, though he had made up his mind to secure his release by surrendering the duplicate papers in his pocket. The real documents were in the custody of a safe deposit company in the city, having been placed with them only the day previous.

"Won't you give me something for them?" he asked. "I don't like to give them up without any return."

"I may be able to secure a hundred dollars, but I won't promise. I don't see why you don't accept Mr. Wentworth's offer. How long since was it made?"

"It was made for the last time on the steamer Rock Island."

"You won't tell me how large a sum Mr. Wentworth owes you?"

"I may as well tell you, as the papers would inform you. It is twenty thousand dollars!"

"Twenty thousand dollars!" ejaculated Standish thoroughly amazed.

"How is it possible that he should owe so much?"

"I can only tell you that it is a debt of honor."

"Do you mean by that that it is a gambling debt?"

"No," answered Gerald indignantly. "My father never gambled in his life."

"Aha!" thought Standish, "it is well that I have wormed the truth out of this boy. Wentworth actually wants to pay me the pitiful sum of two hundred dollars for evidence that will save him twenty thousand. It won't go down, Mr. Wentworth! it won't go down!"

"Give me the papers," he said aloud,

"and I will do what I can for you. I feel a sympathy for you, my dear young friend, but I must of course consult the interests of my employer."

"Meaning Mr. Wentworth?"

"Yes; you will of course conjecture that I am acting as his agent."

"I thought so," returned Gerald. "I didn't think the man was so unscrupulous."

"Perhaps it would inconvenience, or ruin him to pay so large a sum as twenty thousand dollars," suggested Standish.

"Not at all. He is worth, I have reason to believe, over three hundred thousand dollars."

"Is it possible?" said Standish, his eyes sparkling. "Then he is a very rich man. Where did he get his money?"

"It was left him by his uncle. But for my father he would have been disinherited."

"That is why you call it a debt of honor?"

"Yes."

"He hasn't done the fair thing, I must confess. Let anybody secure me an inheritance of three hundred thousand dollars, and I won't haggle about paying a twenty thousand dollar fee."

"I am sorry Mr. Wentworth's sentiments are not as liberal as yours."

"Exactly so. I would have treated your father a great deal better. Mr. Wentworth is evidently a mean man. Still he is my employer and I must do what I can for him. Still my sympathies are with you."

"You have played me a mean trick, Mr. Standish."

"I admit it, but it isn't my fault. My poverty, and not my will, consents. However, we are losing time. Will you do me the favor of handing me the papers?"

"Do you insist upon it?" asked Gerald in apparent mortification.

"I must, for reasons which you understand," said Standish, extending his hand for the expected papers.

Gerald unbuttoned his vest, and from an inner pocket drew out the duplicate documents, or rather the copies of the original papers.

Standish took the two letters and ran his eye over them eagerly.

"I am not surprised that Mr. Wentworth wanted these letters," he said. "They are a confession in so many words that he committed forgery, and hired your father to bear the blame, in consideration of a large sum which he promised to pay when all danger was over and the estate was his."

"You have stated the matter clearly, Mr. Standish."

"Your father was badly used."

"His life was ruined," said Gerald bitterly, "his life and his prospects, for his employer. Mr. Wentworth's uncle intended to give him an interest in the business. As it was he died with the conviction that my father was a forger."

"It's too bad, it is upon my honor."

"Then you will return me the papers?"

"I couldn't do that. I am a poor man, and the money that Wentworth is to give me is of great importance to me. If you could raise five or six hundred dollars, I might afford to return them to you."

"That will be quite impossible, Mr. Standish."

"Then I am afraid I must retain the papers. It goes to my heart to do it, I assure you. I am a very tender hearted man, Gerald, but I am a poor man, and I feel that I must not injure my own interests. I will do what I can for you, however, and I may be able to persuade Mr. Wentworth to give you something. Now I must bid you good morning."

Samuel Standish opened the door, and prepared to go out.

"In an hour you will be released," he said. "I shall leave directions with Tip."

As he went down stairs, Gerald settled back in his chair, trying to resign himself to remaining for another hour in the shabby room.

(To be continued.)

EVILS OF TRAINING.

BY ONE WHO TRAINS.

THE desire to excel in running is almost universal with young, active fellows. Running is a most commendable exercise, and the boy's desire to excel is what will be the source of the future man's prosperity; each by itself is good, but when united, footracing is the result, and, at this point moderation too often ceases; what has been healthful exercise at once approaches dangerous sport.

The writer sat near some schoolboys recently who were talking athletics. One, about sixteen years of age, and a sturdy enough fellow, it is true, was heard to say with a lofty air: "Oh, I'm all run to seed after the summer loaf; but I can train down in two weeks, and then I will take the half mile, hands down."

Under eighteen years of age it is dangerous and foolish for a lad to attempt to train, speaking in the purely technical sense of the cinder path, with no reference to easy and salutary systems for physical development.

We get the ambition to run and the idea that we can run better than the average; at once we become interested in racing; of course we must go into training, and that means that we run day after day longer and harder than we ought at our age, which is harmful to the body in its immature growth, and not well for the mind.

As we labor around and around the track in our foolish training for wind and endurance, the mind becomes heavy and brooding in the dogged effort, and much of that is conducive to mental stunt.

This training that the schoolboy spoke of meant other things, also, for the older athletes whom he doubtless patterned after—such things as confining or limiting the eating, called "dieting," together with various other practices that obtain with hardy, full formed athletes, who are men in growth.

The craze for athletics has descended from the college to the school; in the city of New York there is an athletic club in each of certain well known private schools and these different clubs are united in a league for interscholastic competitions. Each club has its periodical games, while the general association has its championship games for the supremacy of all the schools. Excellent speed and fine form are shown by these boys of fifteen to seventeen, which must be the result of severe training. Examples of prolonged and serious impairment are not wanting, as a result of the intense strain of such a course upon the youthful physique.

The way to run is as one runs in the various outdoor games; they do not last too long; there is little risk of overtraining; they furnish the needful active exercise and all of it that is necessary.

Hare and hounds for instance is a running game; track racing cannot compare with it for genuine sport. It takes you over the hill and into the valleys, leaping the streams and vaulting the fences; it furnishes fresh air, varying scenes that impress the mind pleasantly and refreshingly, and a mild and delightful excitement which is very beneficial. Such a run now and then is every way good for the young athlete if he does not push himself beyond the tiring point.

The young fellow under eighteen years of age who is ambitious to become

a champion or a record breaker one of these days, will rather retard the achievement of his hopes by "buckling down" to regular training work. It would hardly be more dangerous to his health to begin using cigars and spirituous liquors.

The best foundation a young fellow can lay for the purpose of future record running is the same foundation that is best adapted for an even development of the full powers of the frame and of perfect health. It consists of a constant but easy series of exercises with light dumbbells through the numerous special motions that in turn affect every muscle of the arms and body. Then, for the legs, a little easy running occasionally with a steady course of exercise in the motions prescribed by physical culturists for those limbs. Nothing that overexerts or strains should be attempted, the general idea of such processes being their regularity and continuity together with the wide variety which brings every muscle into play and develops the body symmetrically. If there is no gymnasium to exercise in, the simple apparatus can be used at home.

This is the sort of training for the young athlete.

EATING WITH THE KNIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT recently asked the *New York Sun* why people should not use a knife instead of a fork to convey food to the mouth. The editor answered the question on the editorial page, and, among other things, said:

Undoubtedly the respective uses of the knife and fork in eating have been established and prescribed by the custom of people of refinement, or by fashion, as our friend terms it. But there is no such fixed rule of fashion without a good reason at the basis of it.

The "cast iron law of fashion" simply recognizes a real distinction in the purposes for which the knife and the fork are adapted by their construction, the one to cut the food, the other to convey it to the mouth. It is possible to put the knife to both uses; but so also a man can eat without either knife or fork. He can employ his fingers and tear off the meat with his teeth, as our English ancestors did a few hundred years ago, and as some peoples do today. But as refinement has advanced, the manner of eating has become neater and more elegant. The original man snatched his food and ran off to eat it by himself after the manner of a dog; and among the lowest savages the practice still remains. Then afterward men

learned to eat together and respect each other's rights to food; and as time has gone on and civilization advanced, there is no better or surer measure of the refinement of an individual or of a people than the taste and delicacy of their dinner table habits. The further the eating is from the suggestion of mere feeding after the fashion of ravenous beasts, the more civilized it is.

The sufficient justification of the refined custom of which our correspondent speaks, is its better taste than the use of the knife which he describes. It is more agreeable to the sight, more graceful, and more seemly. It also shows adeptness in handling the implements and putting them to their fit and proper uses. It is the best fashion because it is the best way of eating with the means provided, and with regard to the sensibilities of other people.

KILLING MADE EASIER.

An example of the constant improvement being made in weapons for the destruction of human life is found in the rifles used by the victorious insurgents throughout the late revolution in Chili, described thus by the *Boston Herald*:

Army and navy officers have been watching closely the military features of the insurrection in Chili, and the arms have been carefully examined by the authorities in this country. It appears that it was the Mannlicher gun, loaded with cartridges the size of cigarettes charged with a first cousin to gun cotton, and sending a ball nearly two inches long and three tenths of an inch thick against Balmaceda's troops at the rate of from forty to sixty per minute from each gun, that did the business for the insurgent troops. The long, slender, hard pointed bullets were of steel, covered with a thin coat of copper, the soft metal being designed to follow the rifling of the barrel more accurately and with less wear to the gun than the naked steel would make. Single bullets went through two or three men at a time.

WHAT IS UNDER OUR FEET.

WHILE scientific research scours the skies and constantly gains increasing knowledge of the myriad bodies of the heavens, our acquaintance with the very planet on which we live hardly improves with the progress of time. That we live and move with a caldron of molten matter under our feet is agreed upon by scientists. Some of the speculations about our earthly abiding place are given by *Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine*:

Many scientific men are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe of ours. Some eminent physicists, for instance like Sir William Thompson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least one hundred miles thick. The majority adhere good reasons for believing that the crust is only twenty five to fifty miles thick.

All agree that the temperature within the earth continues to increase, as it does near the surface—at the rate of one degree, Fahrenheit, for about every fifty five feet of descent. All igneous rocks must be fused at no great depth. In fact, at this rate of increase the temperature at two hundred miles is 28,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is Professor Rosetti's estimate of the probable temperature of the sun. It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance, and many physicists believe at some unknown, but not very great depth the increase in temperature ceases.

The workmen in the deepest mines in Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one seven thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the center of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could only labor three or four hours at a time, until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had been 120 degrees.

The deepest boring ever made—that at Sprenberg, near Berlin—penetrates only 4,772 feet, about 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis.

COLORS OF GOLD.

THE term "old gold" is understood to refer to specimens of that precious metal as it was used fifty or a hundred years ago when it was distinguished by its pale color. Modern gold is mixed with other metals in slight proportions and takes on a darker hue. But, according to an item from the *Boston Globe* even pure gold has various tints:

"Most people suppose," says an assayer, "that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained."

"The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the Californian, and this difference in color is always perceptible, even when the gold is 1000 fine."

"Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold all comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere."

"Few people know the real color of gold, for it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. The purest coins ever made were the \$50 pieces that used to be common in California."

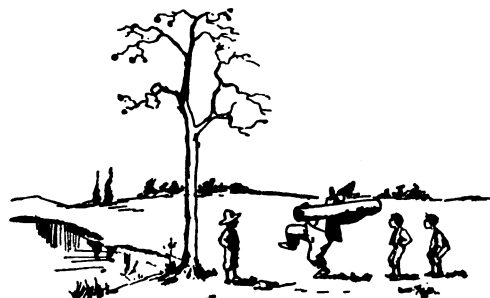
"Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons; first, because the loss by abrasion was so great, and, secondly, because the interior could be bored out and lead substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so small a piece. These octagonal coins were the most valuable ever struck."

HOW MR. PODBY ASSISTED THE BOYS.



I.

"Let's knock those chestnuts down!"



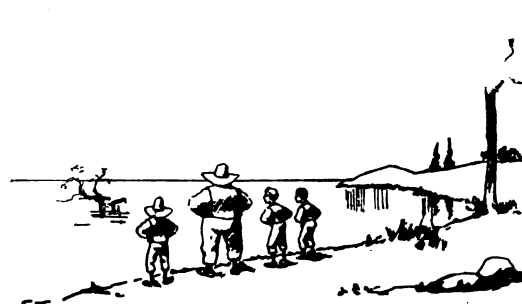
II.

Mr. Podby—"Can't reach 'em, eh? Well, let me show you."



III.

"I bet you that'll bring 'em down, boys!"



IV.

It did.



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VALUABLE WASTE.

WASTE is a large item in all manufacturing, and it is a constant problem how to diminish it and make material go to its utmost possible limit. The solution of the question has in many cases produced very useful or beautiful articles of manufacture, or has resulted in the discovery of very valuable processes.

Among the latest recorded uses of waste is in the case of a firm that uses colored glass for decorative purposes. Small bits, the clippings and the breakages, were formerly thrown away as ashes. They are now melted together and form a variegated mass, curiously streaked or veined with the diverse colors, and sometimes having the appearance of rare colored marble. In whatever shape the mass comes out it is useful in many ways for artistic decoration; and so, a new material has been evolved from sheer waste and thousands of dollars saved to the manufacturer.

In the sugar country down south, molasses of the lower grades is a waste product. Planters hardly knew how to get rid of the great unmarketable accumulation. It is now believed that molasses, which burns at a high heat in combination with wood fiber, can be used for fuel in connection with the dried refuse of the cane that remains after the sugar is crushed out. Thus, two substances heretofore useless will be utilized to enormous advantage.

A NEW PRIZE OFFER.

WE call the special attention of our readers to the new premium offer which they will find on the fifteenth page of this week's issue. The pantograph is a most interesting little instrument, and enables its possessor to do wonders in the way of drawing. In order to secure it, it is only necessary that you procure one three months' subscription to THE ARGOSY, complying with the conditions of the prize offer, which all should read carefully.

DEFYING DANGER.

THERE are some walks of life that, in their ordinary course call forth, almost unnoted, acts of intrepidity that under other circumstances would be held up to the world as bright examples of heroism.

Almost every day in the city of New York pedestrians are startled by the distant clang of a gong; a hook and ladder truck dashes by; the men cling to the skeleton structure with one hand, while the other they try to thrust into the sleeves of their rubber coats which their hasty exit had not given them time to put on. As they swing around the corner they are seen to be joking and laughing, perhaps; yet in sixty seconds from that moment they may be required to penetrate through blinding smoke and flames, or climb hand over hand on frail scaling ladders to dizzy heights, to rescue some fellow being from a horrible death, and not a man will hesitate! Yet, even the rescuer himself may be engulfed in the attempt. These firemen seem to spectators oftentimes to compete for the dangerous honors, so eager are they to do

their duty for which every instant is precious. And yet such perils are their ordinary experiences—it is their profession to run such risks, and their deeds are hardly remembered in the excitement of such occasions.

Outside the ranks of the fireman, a man who performed any one of their thousand daring feats would with his friends be a hero for life, while the fireman—is a hero indeed.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A FRENCH school teacher in England wrote a book on "John Bull and his Island," which so wittily and so accurately described and caricatured the types of the English nation and some of their customs, that he was launched with great suddenness and notoriety upon a literary career. He then turned his attention to his own nation, and, being here in his own element, he achieved another notable success.

Seeking new fields for exploration and description, he came to the United States. The book he published as the result of a few weeks' observation and intercourse with various leading American people, excited among us some indignation but more genuine amusement at the author's expense. His book about us was found to be more largely a tissue of absurd misinformation derived from practical jokers and of venerable funny stories which the author had, with childlike simplicity, accepted as extemporaneous products of American wit. But one paragraph shows a gleam of that accuracy of observation and judgment which made his first work so justly famous:

"The most profound impression which the friends of the American people receive from a journey in the United States is that of a people happy, vigorous and healthy, breathing hope and faith in the future."

The criticism is not new but it is valuable as a corroboration of other unprejudiced judgments.

THE SHORT OF IT.

NOT every one knows how many words there are in the English language that consist of one letter each. Most every one will at once think of A, the article, though some who are always thinking of themselves will think of I, the personal pronoun; there is the word O, used as an interrogation and—what others are there?

Search the dictionary and, unless too small to catch the eye, there will be found the word L, meaning a wing joined at right angles to a main building; also the word Y, meaning a forked part of a transit instrument. There are no more shortest words.

WHO WANTS TO LEARN?

IN reading the lives of merchants and other men of note of bygone days, who were born in poverty and earned their own living at an age when they should have been at school, one often meets a description of the ambitious but overworked youth poring by candle light over his books, stealing from the precious hours of sleep a scrap of time to push on in his self education.

Today, this self education for the young wage worker, is easier than it was then. Working days are shorter; there are night schools of a high order, free libraries and free lectures. One of the greatest helps to this end, wide in its scope and pronouncedly philanthropic, is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which gives direction in numerous courses of study to no less than fifteen thousand students widely distributed throughout the country. This enumeration takes no account of the thousands who throng the groves of its summer establishment.

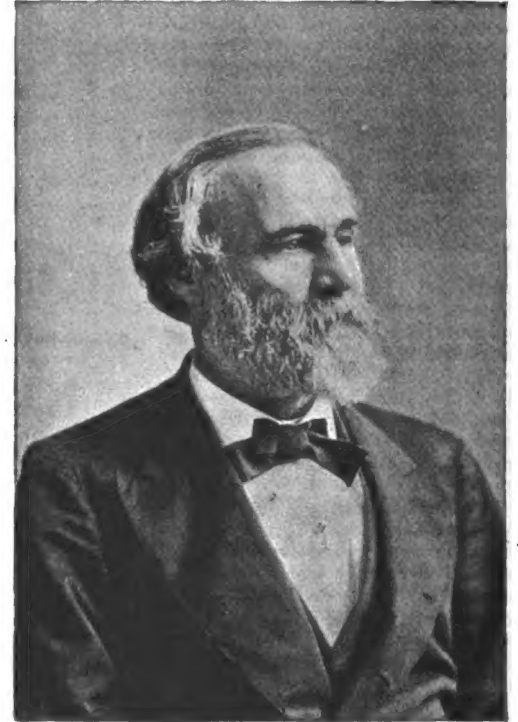
The cost of an education such as this circle gives is hardly more than the cost of the necessary books, averaging less than eight dollars annually, and includes instruction, advice and supervision by mail, which needs only entire sincerity on the part of the student to be perfectly effective. A fair education is certainly within the reach of all.

HENRY L. DAWES,

SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

FEW public men of today can compass a wider panorama of their country's history in a review of their public careers than belongs to Senator Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts.

Cummington, Massachusetts, is the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant, one of the greatest of America's poets. Here, also, on October 30, 1816, was born Henry L. Dawes, who, too, was destined to leave his



HENRY L. DAWES.

From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

impress on his country's history, through the wise legislation he promoted or advocated.

A common school education was followed by the preparatory course necessary for his matriculation at Yale College, from which he was eventually graduated with honors. His start in life was in the role of a school teacher; then he became an editorial writer for the *Greenfield Gazette*, an excellent county paper of Republican principles. This position prepared him to become editor of the *Adams Transcript*. Study had meanwhile fitted him to take up the practice of the law, and a little later he abandoned journalism and became a member of the bar, beginning practice at Pittsfield, which he has since made his home.

His talents and personal qualities steadily procured for him a widespread popularity among the people at large as well as the fellow members of his profession. Thus it came about that at thirty two years of age he was the people's choice for the House of Representatives of Massachusetts in 1848, and when re-elected in 1849 he had, through his genius and activity, come to be recognized as one of the leaders of the House. In the following year he was elected to the State Senate, and again in 1852 he was a member of the House of Representatives of the State.

Later his services to the State were appreciatively recognized by elections to Congress from 1862 to 1873, without a break, nor would his career as a national representative have ended here, but that he declined to accept the nomination in 1874. On the death of Senator Charles Sumner, his seat was given to the able Representative at the following election, who thus became United States Senator in 1875, and has since been retained at the two subsequent elections in 1881 and 1887, the last term to continue until 1893.

Senator Dawes's ability needs no further testimony than the record of the honors his admiring constituents have pressed upon him. His active intellect is supplemented by a classical education, besides the broad legal acquirements that secured for him the degree of Doctor of Laws from Williams College and Yale University. He is a finished and commanding speaker, a dangerous antagonist in the debate, and possesses an acuteness of judgment in political matters in proportion to his extended and valuable services to his native State.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

ALADDIN.

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And basked, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver
bright,

For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again.
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SAVED BY CHANCE.

BY OWEN HACKETT.

MY dear father, long since laid to rest, was always fond of pointing out how trivial circumstances, bearing no apparent relation to each other, would, like converging streams, bring human actors together to unite them in a common course of important events. His favorite illustration of this tendency was a stirring story worth repeating.

When my grandfather, Henry Barker, lost his wife, he had few incentives to work left; his domestic ties were severed; he was in easy circumstances, and was so excellently educated that he could confidently take upon himself the charge of his son's education. A love of the wild but beautiful scenes of nature and a fondness for the chase in all its forms, led him to remove with his sixteen year old son, my father, into the splendid hunting grounds of the Canadas. Here he joined with a native hunter named Richard Stowell, and built a rude but comfortable log cabin on the banks of a stream abounding in fish, and further up, with the valuable beaver. Young as my father was at that time, it would seem that he had proved himself a thorough sportsman and a worthy pupil of his sire.

It was in the early spring that he one day took leave of his father and Stowell to paddle up the stream in his canoe to see if the beaver colony, a half day's journey away, had begun to show signs of awakening activity. The snows had been slowly thawing during the past few days, and it was no easy matter to paddle against the current; but the hardy youth accomplished the journey and found the whole beaver colony as it seemed working, as only beavers can work, to strengthen their huts and the dam. As he cautiously watched them from his hiding place, it appeared as though they worked with a feverish haste he had never before remarked. He explained this to himself by noting that the long streaking sky had taken on a most portentous appearance, and he concluded that the beavers were strengthening their works at every possible point against the freshet that would result from the first spring rain.

The forbidding sky warned him also. It was little past midday, yet there was a darkness like that of nightfall, and the tremendous masses of ink clouds seemed to be pressing gradually down to the earth as if to smother it.

The lad hurried back to the canoe; by sitting in the stern and merely guiding it as the current bore it onward, he could regain the cabin in two or three hours. But the open view from the middle of the stream disclosed such an unprecedented blackness that a great dread came over him, a feeling as if some unknown danger was impending, other than a mere rain storm, which, of itself, could do no great harm to one with a strong wrist, true eye and a quick judgment. He accordingly paddled

with as much vigor as he had in his up stream voyage, and, with the current to aid, he shot with exhilarating speed through the sharp windings of the stream.

He had come within a mile of the cabin when a raindrop of great size struck his hand. Others began to splash into the stream occasionally, but with no great rapidity, and it seemed as if the storm was loath to begin.

Black as had been the sky, a sudden and greater darkness seemed to fall, as if a deeper shadow had enwrapped the earth. The paddler turned to look for the cause of this in the sky behind him. As he did so a terrible flash of lightning burst through the clouds and cut its jagged way down to the earth. Its suddenness so startled him that the bark canoe was instantly overturned and he sank beneath the surface as the terrific report of the cloudburst struck upon his ear.

When he rose again, the crashing of great trees was resounding through the forest and sheets of hailstones an inch in diameter were beating down upon him. Stung by these sharp missiles and breathless from his exertions, the swimmer looked around wildly for his overturned canoe. It was far away out of view. At the same moment it flashed across his mind as a mere impression that, already, the stream had risen to twofold proportions.

The waters swirled around him; dashing furiously into his face; the hailstones stung him maddeningly and the sheets of downpouring rain seemed to smother even the short breaths that he could barely gasp. A heavy log came rushing down with the mad waters—it was time! else there would have been no tale to tell. The log struck the exhausted swimmer, and with difficulty he stiffened his muscles to withstand the shock and enable him to encircle the elusive tree with his arms. But he managed to draw himself upon it and sailed swiftly down the furious torrent, spinning round and round with the circling eddies.

At last he saw the point where the great cedars, coming down to the water's edge, marked the spot near which the cabin stood in the clearing. Were his father and Richard at home? Would they see him as he dashed by? Could they hear him if he cried aloud? He raised his voice and shouted out with all the power that remained to him. It was useless! He himself could feel that his cries were swallowed up in the mocking voices of the tempest.

The point was reached—an instant more and the clearing would be gained, the cabin in view. The boy groaned aloud as he realized how improbable it was that he would be seen in the dim light, even if they should be on the watch. A crash sounded above the

storm! One of the tall cedars on the point swayed, snapped, toppled and fell—fell across the stream and struck the log to which the unfortunate boy was clinging. The shock stunned him; he was flung helpless into the boiling surges which closed over his head.

It was not cheerful in the log cabin that afternoon. The two occupants had been driven in by the threatening storm, and, when it came, the torrents poured down the chimney and put out the fire. The rain even beat through the shingle roof that had never failed before, and there was a dampness and a gloom that was exceedingly dispiriting. All these would have been borne philosophically, however, were it not that Mr. Barker was uneasy. A dozen times he had risen from his stool by the dead ashes in the fireplace and scanned the seething waters from the open door.

"There is no reason for uneasiness, Henry," Richard had said several times. "You do not give the boy sufficient credit. Hiram is as sensible as he is strong and cool, and he is doubtless well sheltered at this moment."

"Yes, yes; I know," the father had replied. "Of course you are right, but yet—" and the paternal solicitude needed no words for expression.

It must have been his tenth visit to the doorsill; he had hardly opened the door, when he took one step backward.



THE BOY GROANED ALOUD AS HE REALIZED HOW IMPROBABLE IT WAS THAT HE WOULD BE SEEN IN THE DIM LIGHT.

reached for his rifle and said, quietly, "Richard, come here!"

There was a decided tone about the order that told Richard Stowell there was a good reason for it. He stepped to the door as Mr. Barker cocked his rifle and, looking over his shoulder, saw a many pointed deer that had leaped into the middle of the clearing and seemed to be frightened and uncertain which way to turn for shelter.

But an instant had passed when a tremendous gust of wind burst upon the place, and with a great crash one of the tall cedars on the bank broke and plunged into the stream. At the same moment Mr. Barker raised his piece and fired. The deer stumbled, rose, and gave one mighty leap into the stream.

"Quick! the rope!" cried Mr. Barker, "we must not lose him!" and he darted to the bank.

What he saw was two arms waving wildly, as a white face sank beneath the murky, foam lashed waters. Richard Stowell, following, with the deer hide coil, saw in turn his friend plunge headlong into the torrent and rise with a limp form from the middle of the stream. He grasped the situation. Running along the bank to keep abreast of the battling rescuer he swung the noose end of the coil as he ran, gave one swift cast, and stopped. The noose fell over the outstretched arm of the imperiled man and tightened with a jerk that stretched the rope to its utmost tension. But the tough thong did not break. Richard quickly belayed it around a tree stump and the submerged pair swung swiftly around to the bank of the stream. Richard was there, and his strong arms dragged them out and bore the unconscious boy to the cabin, leaving the well nigh exhausted father to follow as he might.

In after years, Mr. Barker, cast into a reflective mood by a good supper and a pipe or two, would glance up at a pair of wide branching antlers and say:

"It shows how little things work together for good. Now these antlers belonged to—" but you have heard the story.

AN INFORMAL PROCEEDING.

THE following story, from the *Chicago Daily News*, sounds more like a production of the modern funny man than a true anecdote of a celebrated jurist. The informality of the solemn occasion reminds one of the legendary proceedings of a backwoods court:

Some good stories are told of Thomas Reynolds, who began his duties as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State in September, 1822. Not all of them are true, and the one that follows has been denied, but it may be worth repeating, nevertheless. Governor Ford is authority for it.

Judge Reynolds presided at a court in which a man named Green had been convicted of murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprit. He called the prisoner before him and said to him: "Mr. Green, the jury, in its verdict, says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hanged. Now, I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I who condemn you, but it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, and so the Court wants to know what time you would like to be hanged."

The prisoner replied that he was ready to die at any time the Court might appoint. The judge then said: "Mr. Green, you must know that it is a very serious thing to be hanged; it cannot happen to a man more than once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get. The Court will give you until this day four weeks. Mr. Clerk, look at the almanac and see if this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked and found that it came on a Thursday, and the Court informed Mr. Green that he would be hanged on that day. The Attorney General of the State, James Turney, wanted a more formal and impressive sentence passed, but the Court replied: "Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him for a month. He knows he has got to be hanged this day four weeks. You understand it in that way, Mr. Green, don't you?"

Mr. Green said "Yes," and the court adjourned.

BALLAD OF BICYCLING.

WHEN the hedgerows are sweet with bloom
and bud
And blossoms are covering the apple
trees;
When the air is spicy and daises stud
The velvety turf and emerald leas;
When drowsily ramble the honey bees
In the orchard their summer sweets to
steal;
When the birds are rehearsing their autumnal
glees.
Then, ho! for a spin on the flying wheel.
ERNEST DELANCEY PIERSON.
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

TRUE TO HIMSELF;

OR,

ROGER STRONG'S STRUGGLE FOR PLACE.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER,
Author of "Richard Dare's Venture," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAMP AGAIN.

I AM sure that all will admit that the prospect before me was not a particularly bright one. I was bound hand and foot and left without food or water.

Yet as I lay upon the hard floor of the tool house I was not so much concerned about myself as I was about matters at Widow Canby's house. It would be a hardship to pass the night where I was, to say nothing of how I might be treated when Duncan Woodward and his followers returned. But in the meantime, how would Kate fare?

I knew that my sister would be greatly alarmed at my continued absence. She fully expected me to be home long before this. As near as I could judge it was now an hour or so after noon, and she would have dinner kept warm on the kitchen stove, expecting me every minute to drive up the lane.

Then again I was worried over the fact that the widow had left the house and her money in my charge. To be sure, the latter was locked up in her private secretary, but I felt it to be as much in my care as if it had been placed in my shirt bosom or the bottom of my trunk.

I concluded that it was my duty then, to free myself as quickly as possible from the bonds which the members of the Model Club had placed upon me. But this idea was more easily conceived than carried out.

In vain I tugged at the clothes line that held my arms and hands fast to my body. Duncan and the others had done their work well, and the only result of my efforts was to make the cord cut so deep into my flesh that several times I was ready to cry out from pain.

In my attempts I tried to rise to my feet, but found it an impossibility, and only succeeded in bumping my head severely against the wall.

There was no use in calling for help, and though I halloed several times I soon gave it up. I was fully three quarters of a mile from any house and half that distance from the road, and who would be likely to hear me so far off?

The afternoon dragged slowly along, and finally the sun went down and the evening shadows crept up. By this time I was quite hungry and tremendously thirsty. But with nothing at hand to satisfy the one or allay the other I resolutely put all thoughts of both out of my head.

In the old tool house there had been left several empty barrels, behind which was a quantity of shavings that I found far more comfortable to rest upon than the bare floor.

As the evening wore on I wondered if I would be able to sleep. There was no use worrying about matters as it would do no good, so I was inclined to treat the affair philosophically and make the best of it.

An hour passed, and I was just dropping into a light doze when a slight noise outside attracted my attention. I listened intently and heard a man's footsteps.

I was inclined to call out, and, in fact, was on the point of so doing, when the door of the tool house opened and in the dim light I recognized the form of the tramp molder who earlier in the day had so impudently asked me for help.

I was not greatly surprised to see him. The old tool house, I imagined, was frequently used by men of his stamp. He had as much right there as I had and though I was chagrined to see him enter I was in no position to protest.

On the contrary I deemed it advisable to keep quiet. If he did not see me, so much the better. If he did, who could tell what indignities he might visit upon me?

So I crouched down behind the empty barrels, hardly daring to breathe. The man stumbled into the room, leaving the door wide open.

By his manner I was certain that he had been drinking heavily, and his rambling soliloquy proved it.

"The same old shebang," he mumbled to himself, as he swayed around in the middle of the floor, "the same old shebang where Aaron Woodward and I parted company four years ago. He's took care of his money and I've gone to the dogs."

The man gave a yawn and sat down on the top of a barrel. I was thoroughly surprised at his words. Was it possible that this seedy looking individual had once been intimate with Duncan Woodward's father? It hardly seemed reasonable. I made a rapid calculation and concluded that the meeting must have had something to do with the proposed railroad in which I knew Mr. Woodward had held an interest. Perhaps this tramp had once been a prosperous contractor.

"Great times them were. Plenty of money and nothing to do," continued the man. "Wonder if any one in Darbyville would recognize—hold up, Stumpy, you mustn't repeat that name too often or you'll be mentioning it in public when it ain't no interest for you to do it. Stumpy, John Stumpy, is good enough for the likes of you."

And with great deliberation Mr. John Stumpy brought forth a short clay pipe which he proceeded to fill and light with evident satisfaction.

During the brief period of lighting up I caught a good glance at his face, and fancied that I saw beneath the surface of dirt and dissipation a look of shrewdness and intelligence. Evidently he was one of the unfortunates who allow drink to make off with their brains.

Mr. John Stumpy puffed on in silence for several minutes. I wondered what he intended to do, and was not prepared for the surprises that were to follow.

"Times are changed and no mistake," he went on. "Here I am, down at the bottom, Nick Weaver dead, Woodward a rich man, and Carson Strong in jail. Humph! but times do change!"

Carson Strong! My heart gave a bound. This man was speaking of my father. What did it mean? What did the tramp know of the events of the past?

If I was only free to face the fellow! Still, if, after revealing so much, he should discover me, what would be the consequence?

Yet, as I lay behind the barrels, I earnestly hoped he would go on with his talk. I had just heard enough to arouse my curiosity.

I was certain that I had never, until that day, seen the man. What, then, could he have in common with my father?

Instinctively I connected the man

with the cause of my father's imprisonment—I will not say downfall, because I firmly believed him innocent. Why I should do so I cannot to this day explain, but from the instant he mentioned my parent's name the man was firmly fixed in my memory.

In a few moments Mr. John Stumpy had puffed his pipe out, leaving the place filled with a heavy and vile smoke which gave me all I could do to keep from coughing. Then he slowly knocked the ashes from the bowl and restored the pipe to his pocket.

"Now I reckon I'm in pretty good trim to go ahead," he muttered as he arose. "No use of talking; there ain't anything like a good puff to steady a man's nerves. Was a time when I didn't need it, but them times are gone, and the least little job on hand upsets me. Wonder how much that old woman left behind."

I nearly uttered an ejaculation of astonishment. Was this man speaking of Mrs. Canby? What was the job that he contemplated?

Clearly there could be but one answer to that question. He knew the widow had gone away, and in her absence he contemplated robbing her house. Perhaps he had overheard her make mention of the money locked up in her desk, and the temptation to obtain possession of it was too strong to resist.

"I'll have to get rid of that boy and the dog, I suppose," he went on. "If it wasn't for the noise I'd shoot the dog; but it won't do to arouse the neighborhood. As for the lad, I reckon the sight of a pistol will scare him to death."

I was not so sure of that, and I grated my teeth at the thought of my present helplessness. Had I been free I am sure I could have escaped easily, and perhaps have had the tramp arrested.

It was an alarming prospect. Kate was the only occupant of the house, and the nearest neighbor lived a full five hundred feet away. If attacked in the middle of the night what would my sister do?

For a moment I felt like exposing myself, but then I reflected that such a course would not liberate me, and he would know that he had nothing to fear from me at the house, whereas if I kept quiet he might, by some lucky incident, be kept at bay.

So I lay still, wondering when he would start on his criminal quest.

"Now, one more drink and then I'll be off," he continued, and, producing a bottle, he took a deep draught. "Ha! That's the stuff to brace a man's nerves! But you mustn't drink too much, John Stumpy, or you'll be no good at all. If you'd only let liquor alone you might be as rich as Aaron Woodward, remember that." He gave something like a sigh. "Oh, well; let it pass. I'll get the tools and be on the way. The money in my pocket, I'll take the first train in the morning for the West." He paused a moment. "But no; I won't go until I've seen Woodward. He owes me a little on the old score, and I'll not go until he has settled up."

There was an interval of silence, during which Stumpy must have been feeling around in his pockets for a match; for a moment later there were several slight scratches, and then a tiny flame lit up the interior of the tool house.

"Let's see, where did I leave them tools? Ah, yes; I remember now. Behind those barrels."

And Stumpy moved over to where I was in hiding.

CHAPTER V.

FOLLOWING THE TRAMP.

I EXPECTED to be discovered. I could not see how it could possibly be avoided. Stumpy was but a few

feet away. In a second more he would be in full sight of me.

What the outcome of the discovery would be I could not imagine. I was at the man's mercy, and I was inclined to think that our interview of the morning would not tend to soften his feelings toward me.

But at that instant a small, yet extremely lucky incident occurred. A draught of wind came in at the partly open door and blew out the match, leaving the place in darkness.

"Confound the luck!" ejaculated John Stumpy in high irritation. "There goes the light, and it's the last match I've got, too."

This bit of information was gratifying to me, and, without making any noise, I rolled back into the corner as far as possible.

"Well, I'll have to find them tools in the dark, that's all." He groped around for several seconds, during which I held my breath. "Ah, here they are, just as I left 'em last night. Reckon no one visits this shanty, and maybe it will be a good place to bring the booty, especially if I happen to be closely pushed."

I sincerely hoped that he would be closely pushed, and in fact so closely pushed that he would have no booty to bring. But if he did succeed in his nefarious plans I was glad that I would know where to look for him.

No sooner had the man found the bag of tools—which was nothing more nor less than a burglar's kit—than he quitted the place and I was left to my own reflections.

My thoughts alarmed me. Beyond a doubt John Stumpy intended to rob the Widow Canby's house. The only one at home was Kate, and what treatment would my sister receive at this fellow's hands?

I groaned as I thought of the alarm and terror that Kate might be called upon to suffer. As it was I was sure she was worried about my continued absence. In my anguish I strove with all my might to burst asunder the bonds that held me. At the end of five minutes' struggle I remained as securely tied as ever.

What was to be done? It was a puzzling, but pertinent question. By hook or by crook I must get free.

At great risk of hurting my head I rolled to the door of the tool house, which Stumpy had left wide open. Outside the stars were shining brightly, and in the southwest the pale crescent of the new moon was rising over the tree tops, casting ghostly shadows that would have made a timid person shiver. But as the reader may by this time know, I was not of a timid nature, and I gave the shadows scant attention until a sudden movement among the trees attracted my notice. It was the figure of some person coming rapidly towards me.

At first I judged it must be Stumpy returning, and I was on the point of rolling back to my hiding place when I saw that the new comer was a boy.

When he reached the edge of the clearing he paused, and approached slowly.

"Roger Strong!" he called out. I instantly recognized the voice of Dick Blair, one of the youngest members of the Models, who, during my capture had little to say or do. He was the son of a wealthy farmer who lived but a short distance down the road from the Widow Canby's place.

I had always considered Dick a pretty good sort of a chap, and had been disagreeably surprised to see him in company with Duncan Woodward's crowd. How Duncan had ever taken up with him I could not imagine, except it might have been on account of the money Dick's father allowed him to have.

"Roger Strong!" he repeated. "Are you still here?"

I could not imagine what had brought him to this place at such an hour of the night. Yet I answered at once.

"Yes, I am, Dick Blair."

"I thought maybe you had managed to get away," he continued, as he came up closer.

"No; you fellows did your work pretty well," I replied as lightly as I could, for I didn't want to show the white feather.

"Precious little I had to do with it," he went on, as he struck a match and lit a lantern that he carried.

"You were with the crowd."

"I know it; but I wouldn't have been if I'd known what they were up to. I hope you won't think too badly of me, Roger."

"I thought it was strange you would go into anything of this kind, Dick. What brings you back tonight?"

"I am ashamed of the whole thing," he answered earnestly, "and I came to release you—that is, on certain conditions."

My heart gave a bound.

"What conditions, Dick?"

"I want you to promise that you won't tell who set you free," he explained. "If Dunc or the rest heard of it they would never forgive me."

"What of it, Dick? Their opinion isn't worth anything."

"I know it—now. But they could tell mighty mean stories about me if they wanted to."

And Dick Blair turned away and shuffled his foot on the floor to hide his shame.

"Don't mind them, Dick. If they start any bad report about you, do as I'm doing with the stain on our name—live it down."

"I'll try it. But you'll promise, won't you?"

"If you wish it, yes."

"All right, I know I can trust you," said Dick.

Producing his pocket knife he quickly cut the cords that bound me. Somewhat stiff from the position in which I had been forced to remain, I rose slowly to my feet.

"I don't know whether to thank you or not for what you've done for me, Dick," I began. "But I appreciate your actions."

"I don't deserve any thanks. It was a mean trick, and I guess legally I was as guilty as any one. Just keep quiet about it and don't think too hard of me."

"I'll do both," I responded quickly.

"It's a mighty lonely place to spend the night in," he went on. "I'm no coward, but I wouldn't care to do it, all alone."

"I haven't been alone."

"No."

And Dick looked intensely surprised, as I thought he would be.

"Who has been here?"

I hesitated. Should I tell him?

"A tramp," I began.

"Is he here yet?"

"No."

"Why didn't he untie you?"

"He didn't see me."

"Oh, I suppose you hid away. What did he want, I wonder?"

"He was after some tools."

"Tools! There are none here, any more."

"But there were."

"What kind of tools?"

I hesitated again. Should I tell Dick the secret? Perhaps he might give me some timely assistance.

"Will you promise to keep silent if I tell?"

"Why, what do you mean, Roger?"

"It is very important."

"All right. Fire away."

"He came after some burglar's tools."

Dick stepped back in astonishment.

"You surely don't mean it!" he gasped.

"Yes, I do."

"Who was he going to rob?"

"The widow's house. He knows she is away and has left considerable money in her desk."

And in a rapid manner I told Dick of what I had overheard, omitting the mentioning of my father's and Mr. Woodward's names.

Of course Dick was tremendously excited. What healthy country boy would not be?

"What are you going to do about it?" he questioned.

"Now I'm free I'm going to catch the fellow," I returned decidedly. "He shall not rob Mrs. Canby's house if I can help it."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"I intend to be cautious."

"He may have a pistol."

"The widow left one in the house. Maybe I can secure it. Then we'll be on an equal footing."

"I've got a pistol," said Dick.

"You!"

"Yes, the Models all carry one. Dunc always insisted that it was the proper thing."

As Dick spoke, he produced a highly polished, nickel plated five shooter.

"It looks like a good one," I said, after examining it.

"It ought to be. I gave six dollars for it in Newark only last week."

"Is it loaded?"

"Oh, yes; and I've got a box of cartridges in my pocket besides."

"Lend it to me, Dick."

"If you don't mind I'll—I'll go along with you, Roger," he returned. "You won't find me such a terrible coward."

"All right. But we must hurry. That fellow has got a good start, and he may even now be in the house."

"Hardly. He'll want to take a look around first."

Nevertheless, we lost no time in getting away from the tool house. We walked side by side, I with the pistol in the pocket of my jacket and Dick with the lantern held aloft, that we might see to make rapid progress over the unaccustomed road.

It was a good walk to the widow's, and once Dick stumbled down in a heap, while the lantern rolled several yards away. But he picked himself up without grumbling and went along faster than ever.

"If I'm not mistaken I saw that tramp down at the depot this morning," said he, as we drew near to the main road.

"He was hanging around, and I thought he looked like a mighty suspicious character."

"Did you see him yesterday?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of him before?"

"I guess not. He was near the baggage room when I saw him. Then Mr. Woodward came up to see about a trunk, and the tramp made right off."

I was interested. John Stumpy had intimated that he intended to have an interview with Duncan Woodward's father, and if this was so, why had he not taken advantage of the opportunity then offered?

I could arrive at but one conclusion.

The tramp wished their meeting to be a strictly private one. He did not care to be seen in Mr. Woodward's presence, or else the wealthy merchant would not tolerate such a thing.

If the meeting was to be of a private nature, it would no doubt be of importance. Had my father's name not been mentioned I would not have cared; but as it was, I was deeply interested.

Perhaps it would be better to merely scare the fellow off. If he was captured all chance of finding out his secrets might be lost.

By this time the reader may be aware that I thought John Stumpy's secrets important. Such was a fact. Try as hard as I could I could not but imagine that they concerned my father and his alleged downfall.

On Dick and I hurried. In five minutes we came within sight of Widow Canby's house.

There was a light burning in the kitchen and another in the dining room.

"Everything seems to be all right," said Dick; as we stood near a corner of the front fence. "I guess the fellow hasn't put in an appearance yet."

"I don't know. See! the side porch door is open. We generally keep it closed, and Kate would certainly have it shut if she was alone."

"What do you intend to do? Go into the house?"

"Guess we had better? I'd like to know where that fellow is," I replied.

"Likely as not he is prowling about here somewhere. If we can only catch sight of him we can—Hark!"

As I uttered the last word a shrill cry reached our ears.

It was Kate's voice; and with my heart jumping wildly I made a dash for the house, with Dick Blair following on behind.

CHAPTER VI.

A STRANGE ENVELOPE.

I WAS sure that my sister's cry could mean but one thing—that the tramp had made a raid on the house.

I was thoroughly alarmed, and ran with all possible speed in the direction of the dining room, from whence the sound proceeded.

As I tore across the lawn, regardless of the bed of flowers which was Mrs. Canby's pride, Kate's cry was repeated, this time in a more intense tone. An instant later I dashed across the porch and into the room through the door that, as I have said, stood wide open.

I found my sister standing in the middle of the floor, holding in her hand a heavy umbrella with which she had evidently been defending herself. She was pale and trembled from head to foot.

"What is it, Kate?" I exclaimed.

"Where is the fellow?"

"Oh, Roger!" she gasped. "I'm so glad you've come. A tramp was here—he robbed—robbed the desk—the window—"

She pointed to the open window on the opposite side of the room. Then her breast heaved, the umbrella slipped from her grasp, and she sank into a chair.

"Are you hurt?" I cried anxiously.

"No, no—but the money—it is gone! What will Mrs. Canby say?"

And overcome with the dreadful thought my sister fainted dead away.

As for myself I felt sick at heart. John Stumpy had been there—the widow's money had been stolen. What could be done?

Meanwhile Dick Blair had come in. His common sense told him what had happened, and he set to work to restore my sister to consciousness.

"Will you stay here with Kate?" I asked.

"Certainly," he returned promptly. "But where are you going? After that tramp?"

"Yes."

"Be careful. Reckon he's a mighty desperate character."

"I'm not afraid of him. I'm going to get that money back or else know the reason why," was my determined reply; and I meant every word I said.

To my mind it was absolutely necessary that I recover the stolen property. It would have been bad enough to have had it taken when the Widow Canby was at home, but it had been stolen when left in my charge, and that was enough to make me turn Darbyville dis-

trict up side down before letting the matter drop.

Besides, there was still another important factor in the case. I knew well enough that if the money was not recovered, there would be plenty of people mean enough to intimate that I had had something to do with its disappearance. The Strong honor was considered low by many, and they would not hesitate to declare that I was only following in my father's footsteps.

To a person already suffering under an unjust accusation such an intimation is doubly stinging, and when I told Dick that I was not afraid of Mr. John Stumpy I meant that I would rather face him than the Darbyville people later on.

"I want to take the pistol," I added.

"All right. There is the box of extra cartridges. Do you want the lantern?" "Yes; I may want to use it before I return. I'll blow it out now."

Our conversation had lasted but a few seconds, and an instant after I was on my way, the lantern on my left arm and the pistol in my right hand.

"Take good care of Kate," I called back as I passed out.

"I will," replied Dick. "Don't stay away too long if you don't find the fellow."

I passed around to the other side of the garden, where an open gateway led to the pear orchard. I felt pretty certain that John Stumpy had pursued this course, and I entered the orchard on a run.

The thief, I reckoned, was not over five minutes ahead of me. To be sure, he could easily hide, but it was not likely that he would care to remain in the neighborhood, unless it was really necessary for him to see Mr. Aaron Woodward.

When I got well into the orchard, where it was darker than in the garden, I listened intently, hoping that I might hear some sound that would guide me.

But all was silent. Occasionally a night bird fluttered through the trees and a frog gave a dismal croak, but otherwise not a sound broke the stillness.

I continued on my way toward the road, and reaching the fence, paused again.

Had the thief jumped over? If so, which way had he gone, up, down or into the woods beyond?

It was a perplexing question. Perhaps if I had been in a story book I might have found some clew to direct me. But I was not that kind of a hero. I was only an every day boy, and consequently no clew presented itself.

I stood by the fence for several minutes, my eyes and ears on the alert to catch anything worthy of notice.

I judged it was near midnight, and hardly had I thought of the matter before the distant town bells tolled the hour of twelve.

As the echo of the last stroke died away, two figures came slowly up the road. As they drew nearer I recognized Moran and Pultzer, two of the Models who had assisted at my capture.

I was astonished at their appearance. What on earth could they be doing out at this time of night?

As they drew near I thought for many reasons that it would not be advisable to show myself, and I stepped behind a tree.

"I don't care what you say," said Pultzer, "Dunc was half scared to death when we came away."

"I guess he didn't think what a serious matter it was when he asked us to go into it," returned Moran. "It's the worst affair I ever got into."

"Ditto myself," responded Pultzer.

"And if we get out without being caught you'll never find me in another such a one," continued the other earnestly.

"I wonder what Dunc's father will say when he hears of it?"

"And all the rest of the Darbyville people. Of course they've got to lay it to some one."

I surmised that they must be speaking of what they had done to me. I never dreamed that they were discussing a subject much more serious.

"I'm glad Dick Blair wasn't along tonight," went on Moran. "Dick is not to be trusted any more. He kicked awfully at the idea of tying up Strong this noon."

I was gratified to hear this bit of news. I liked Dick in many respects, and now I was almost ready to look upon him as a friend.

"Strong didn't give in quite as much as Dunc thought he would. Hang it, if I didn't admire his grit."

"So did I. Wonder how he's getting along in the old tool house. We must release him first thing in the morning."

"No need of doing that, gentlemen," I put in, stepping out from behind the tree. "I am—"

But it would have been useless for me to say more, as no one would have heard me.

At the first sound of my voice both of the Models had started in alarm, and then, led by Pultzer, they dashed up the road as fast as their feet could carry them.

At first I was amazed at their actions, and then, as the ridiculousness of the situation presented itself, I burst into a roar of laughter. "A guilty conscience needeth no accuser," it is said, and this truth was verified to the letter.

Yet I was sorry that I had not had a chance to speak to them. I wanted to question them in regard to the thief. Perhaps they had seen him, and if so, I did not want to miss my chance of getting upon his track.

Jumping over the fence, I walked slowly down the road, but not in hopes of meeting John Stumpy. If he was anywhere near, the approach of the two boys had certainly driven him into hiding.

Suddenly I thought of the tool house. The tramp spoke of returning to the place. He evidently knew the road. I determined to go to the spot and make a search at once.

It was no easy matter to find my way back to the tool house, and at the risk of being seen I lit the lantern.

As I walked along I wondered how my sister and Dick were faring. No doubt Kate had been much surprised to see who was with her on her recovery, and I sincerely hoped that the shock Stumpy must have given her would not have any evil effects. She was a sensitive girl, and such happenings were calculated to try her nerves severely.

At length I came within sight of the clearing. Here I hesitated for an instant, and then, pistol in hand, approached the tool house boldly.

The door was still open, and I entered, only to find the place empty.

With a sigh I realized that my journey thither was a useless one. Nothing remained but to go back to the road, and I was about to leave again when the rays of the lantern fell upon a white object lying on the floor.

I picked it up. It was a common, square envelope. Thinking it contained a letter I turned it over to read the address.

Judge of my astonishment when I read the following:

Dying Statement of Nicholas Weaver Concerning the Forgeries for which Carson Strong Was Sent to State's Prison.

(To be continued.)

PLAUSIBLE.

"WHY do they number convicts?" "Because they've lost their good names," —Puck

MANHOOD.

THANK God! He sometimes makes a man On such a large, commodious plan, So clothed with every grace and power, So rich in Godhead's holy dower, That all are proud to own a place

Thank God! He sometimes lets a soul Become so free from sin's control, So purged of earthly stain and dross, Recovered so from Eden's loss That, like cathedral windows dight, Down through it shines a heavenly light.

Thank God! He grants to some below Great deeds to do, great things to know; To win the cause of human rights, To lead the race to grander heights, And show how noble life can be, When it fulfills its destiny.

—M. B. BISBEE.

[This Story began in No. 453.]

NORMAN BROOKE;

OR,

BREASTING THE BREAKERS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "My Mysterious Fortune," "Eric Dane," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A TURN IN THE TIDE.

TRETBAR walked up to me in the fierce manner he had assumed when he first arrived.

"The constable is coming back," he announced. "We have just had a dispatch from him. Then, sir, you will be placed where you belong."

"Come, come, don't excite yourself so," admonished Mr. Hodgkins, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Remember the proof so far's been merely circumstantial."

At this moment there was a quick rapping at the door.

"There he is now," exclaimed Tretbar, making a rush for the knob.

"Don't be a fool," broke out Mr. Ferguson, stepping directly in the way. He had been reading the message from the constable, which Hodgkins had handed him. "He ain't got wings like a carrier pigeon to bring him here as quick as the telegraph."

So saying he unlocked the door himself, cautiously and carefully filling up the narrow space to which he opened it, with his own body.

"Mr. Brooke! I want to see Mr. Brooke," I heard one of the Farrington boys say.

It was Al, and when he was permitted to enter he rushed up to me in strong excitement, holding out something for me to look at.

"See there!" he cried. "My theory was the right one after all. I found this just where I thought it would go if he threw it with pretty good force."

"This" was a small phial, with the chloroform label on it, something like mine.

"Who threw it and where did you find it, Al?" I demanded eagerly, clutching the bottle as if it were a bit of precious metal.

"Why, the man up stairs," he replied, lowering his voice for an instant, while all the others in the room gathered around us. "You see it was my theory all along that he killed himself, but everybody said if he had, the bottle would have been found somewhere in the room. Well, I got them to let me go up and take a look at the place, and I tell you I felt pretty creepy when I was doing it. Everything had been left just as it was, and there was the window open facing the foot of the bed, so that he could easily have flung the bottle out after drinking the stuff."

"Oh!" I cried, joyfully, a great light breaking in on me.

"Then I hurried down stairs," went on Al, "and have been hunting in the grass ever since for this and at last I

found it. Won't you let Mr. Brooke go now?" he added, turning suddenly on my two "keepers."

Mr. Hodgkins looked at Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Ferguson looked back at Mr. Hodgkins. Mr. Dumont Tretbar meanwhile glared at Al and pulled nervously at his infantile mustache.

Finally "We'll have to see the doctor about it first," Mr. Hodgkins replied. "You see he might tell us it wasn't possible for a man to throw that far after takin' a dose like that."

"Certainly it isn't; the notion is preposterous," put in Tretbar.

"How did the bottle get there then?" Al walked straight up in front of him to ask the question.

"Why this Brooke here flung it there of course," was the prompt response. "You don't suppose he'd want to carry such telltale evidence about with him, do you?"

"And yet that is the very reason he's been held," retorted Al, with the shadow of a triumphant smile, "because another bottle of chloroform was found in his pocket."

Dumont Tretbar turned away, biting his lip with vexation, while Al went on eagerly, addressing himself to Mr. Hodgkins:

"Tell me where the doctor lives and I'll go find him right away."

Mr. Hodgkins gave the directions and Al was off on the instant, first flashing an encouraging look at me. My two guardians went off into one corner to hold a discussion in low tones with Mr. Tretbar. Finally they all three went out, leaving me in the room alone.

As I heard the key turned in the lock on the outside, the sound seemed to pierce through me like a knife, and in spite of the hope Al Farrington's theory had inspired in me I felt like giving way to utter despair as I contrasted my present with my past.

Suddenly a thought caused me to search hurriedly through my vest pockets. I presently drew out the little calendar on which I had made that mark against a date a month ahead. It lacked just a week of being the very day I had checked.

"Nice sort of progress I'm making," I murmured bitterly, then bringing myself up with a round turn, I resolved not to brood over my misfortunes, but to think rather of my blessings.

"Yes, you've got these, Norman Brooke," I told myself. "There's Mr. Farrington's belief in you for one, and Mr. Ferguson's for another. Then there's your influence over Dale Cameron; that certainly ought to count for something. And now you've got this hope of Allan's."

By persistent dwelling on this aspect of the case I managed to keep from growing morbid while I was left alone, and even went so far as to plan what I should do if word was brought that I was free to go where I pleased.

"I must turn my aptitude for tricks to account," I decided. "That is something definite to work upon at any rate. It seems strange it should have been suggested to me quite by accident. Perhaps though it was only by accident that I came across such a liberal patron last night!"

However, I determined not to be discouraged by fancied drawbacks, and was engaged in trying to think of some practical method of procuring more work of the sort when I heard the rattle of the key in the lock and the door was opened to admit Mr. Ferguson.

He left the door open behind him and advanced to me with outstretched hand.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Brooke," he said. "You are entirely exonerated."

"Why, did you find the doctor in and did he—"

My feelings would not allow me to say any more. I sat down suddenly on the sofa and began to wipe the perspiration from my forehead.

"Yes, we've seen the doctor," Mr. Ferguson made answer, after he had blown his nose very hard. "He said it was all right, but the strongest proof of all is what a man that's just arrived tells us. He's from the insane asylum at Morris Plain, and he says this Tretbar escaped from there yesterday. He'd always threatened to kill himself with chloroform, and now he's done it, and you're free, and I'm mighty glad of it."

Just as he finished Al and Howard Farrington came rushing into the room, to seize me, one by either hand, and declare that I must come out and have a game of tennis with them on the spot.

"Just to show that you can be out of doors, you know," explained Howard.

Al added that they had taken "the man up stairs" away, and then I suffered myself to be borne off between the two exuberant boys.

I think I never played tennis so poorly in my life, but this did not prevent my enjoying the game hugely. Indeed, I think I would have enjoyed even a chat with a book canvasser—shades of my own deplorable experience!—at that particular time, for not only had I just been freed from a most horrible charge, but I had since learned that the reporters had not yet got hold of the case, so that there was a good prospect that my name would never be connected with it.

"You'll stay over another night, won't you?" asked Howard, as we all went in to lunch together.

"Yes, I should like to see your father again," I replied, whereupon the boys at once proceeded to make plans for the ascent of the mountain that afternoon. While we were discussing the excursion a gentleman seated at an adjoining table rose, and on his way out stopped at my side to say: "I believe you are the young man who performed tricks in the Farrington cottage last night?"

"I am," I answered, wondering what he could want of me.

"Will you be kind enough to give me a few minutes of your time in the smoking room when you are through?" he added.

"Certainly, sir," was my reply.

"I will wait for you there," he said, and passed on.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I DECIDE TO GO ON THE STAGE.

"WHO was that man, Howard?" I asked, as I folded up my napkin.

"Oh, that's Ben Dempster's father," was the reply. "He only comes up here once in a while."

"What business is he in, do you know?" I went on.

"No; they haven't been here long, but Ben's quite a good sort of chap. I'll ask him to go along with us this afternoon. Come over to the cottage as soon as Mr. D. is through with you."

The boys went off to find Ben Dempster and I repaired to the smoking room to keep my appointment with the father. Naturally I was very curious to know what he could want of me. I felt pretty certain, however, that it was something in connection with my capabilities as a magician.

"Very likely he wants to engage me to perform at a birthday party of his son's," I finally decided.

I found him puffing his cigar comfortably in the men's writing room. He was rather a shortish man, thick set, with a round, full face, and a very small mustache, which seemed ridiculously out of proportion to his other features.

"Ah, Mr. Brooke," he exclaimed when I entered. "Take a seat, take a seat.

Have a cigar?" and he plunged two fingers into his vest pocket.

"No, thank you," I replied.

"A cigarette then perhaps?" and he transferred his hand to another pocket.

"No, much obliged, I do not smoke," I hastened to explain, and took a chair on the opposite side of the small writing table.

I could not help wondering if he had heard of my connection with the Tretbar affair. If he had he did not refer to it in any way.

"I had the pleasure of witnessing your feats of legerdmain at the Farringtons' last night," he began, "and I was very well entertained, indeed. So well that I desire to make you a proposition—that is, of course, if you are a professional."

"If by professional you mean whether or not I do the work for money, I suppose I come under that head," was my response, as Mr. Dempster paused and looked at me inquiringly.

"Very good," he went on, laying his cigar down on the edge of the table and leaning across it toward me to continue in confidential tones: "I should like to engage your exclusive services for the next six weeks."

"My exclusive services!" This was indeed an unexpected offer. Was the man going to give a series of birthday parties?

"By exclusive services," Mr. Dempster added, "I do not mean that I would wish to prevent your accepting other engagements that did not conflict with mine. I meant simply that beginning with Monday next I should want you to be at the theater every night except Sunday, between nine and ten, and every Saturday afternoon between three and four. And for your work at these times I would pay you a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Is that satisfactory?"

At the theater! These words were so startling in their suggestiveness that for a moment I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to make a reply. So Mr. Dempster was a theatrical manager. Of what sort of a company, I asked myself? Probably a variety show, for I could think of no other organization in which there could be an opportunity for the display of my specialty. I resolved to be cautious.

"I cannot say as to that, Mr. Dempster," I replied, "until I know more about the duties required of me. And then I should like to know what theater. I have never done anything of the kind and wouldn't want—"

Mr. Dempster threw himself back in his chair and swelled out his chest.

"The theater is the Boulevard," he said; "one of the handsomest and best conducted in the metropolis. I want you to appear in the second act of the new comic opera I produce there next Monday night."

"Oh, you mean 'The Castilian Castaway!'" I exclaimed, recalling the gorgeous posters of the "elaborate production" I had seen all over town ever since I had arrived.

"Yes; that is to be the piece of the fall season, I flatter myself," said Mr. Dempster complacently. "Of course Mr. Cooper's reputation is second to none in this line of comedy business, and no expense has been spared in the support and the mounting. I want to introduce your business in the second act, where it will fit in beautifully. Mr. Cooper and I have both been trying to devise something original for this scene, which lasts only fifteen minutes, and when I saw your performance last night I decided it would be just the thing. What do you say?"

Fifteen dollars a week was very tempting. Still to go on the stage among—Here a sudden thought struck me.

"Shall I have to appear in costume, Mr. Dempster?" I asked.

"Certainly," was the reply. "A very becoming one, too—that of the son of a Spanish grandee of the olden time. If you accept come to town tomorrow and I will see that you are properly fitted out."

"For six weeks, you say?" I rejoined musingly.

"Yes; and possibly longer. If the act takes we may want you to accompany us on our tour."

I reflected for one instant longer and then

"I accept for the six weeks, at any rate," I said.

"Good!" exclaimed the manager, rising. "Of course you will have to rehearse your scene once or twice with the company. You understand that your dealings are to be entirely with them and not with the audience. Can you meet me at the theater tomorrow morning at ten o'clock? That is Friday."

"Yes, sir. I know the place. I will find you—"

"On the stage. Come to the stage door on the rear avenue and hand in this."

Mr. Dempster took a card from his pocket, wrote a sort of cabalistic monogram on the back of it and then handed it to me.

"I must be off to town again by the 2.55 train," he said, looking at his watch, "so I shall say good by and rely on seeing you at the Boulevard in the morning."

He shook hands hastily and was gone, leaving me standing in the center of the smoking room with both hands reaching out on either side as if the place was turning around and I was trying to steady myself. What would Cameron say? What would Aunt Louise and Edna think?

But the thought of Cameron caused me to recollect that he had not yet been informed of my exoneration. I felt that I ought to let him know about this at once, even if I had to give up the mountain excursion with the boys.

I hurried off to the cottage and found all three lads patiently waiting for me.

"Oh, our road lies right past the Schlessingers," said Howard, when I told him what I wanted to do.

"And did you hear that young Schlesinger, the fellow who forged, came home this morning and confessed everything?" said Al.

We started off at a brisk pace, for the air was cool, and soon we reached the handsome grounds of the banker. Luckily Cameron was on the piazza with Archie, so I was not obliged to run the gauntlet of the servants to obtain speech with him.

"We are going to drive in a few minutes," he said, "and I expected to stop at the Beechtree to find out about you. I knew it would come out right."

Then I told him about my engagement with Mr. Dempster, which amazed him quite as much as I expected it would.

"I'm going to start for Chicago tomorrow," he said as an exchange item of news. "That is where Mr. Boyd lives, you know. You would think I had picked Archie up in front of a locomotive at the risk of my life to hear him go on about what I've done for him. I've told him my story, and he's going to give me a position in his pork packing establishment. I'll come over to the hotel to say good by tonight."

So we both seemed to have come to a turn in the road of our misfortunes. I wondered whither mine would lead me. It was certainly not so decided a one as Cameron's, but then he was at least five years my senior, and besides, I felt that I ought to be grateful for any respectable employment after all I had gone

through. It has truly been said that the darkest hour is just before the dawn.

We all enjoyed our climb up the mountain and reached the Beachtree again at half past six, tired and hungry enough to eat Peter Piper's pint of pickled peppers, as Ben Dempster put it. We had a very good supper instead, and then Cameron came, and he and I had a long quiet talk out in the summer house.

"Where are you going to stay in town, Brooke?" he said at parting. "At Mrs. Max's?"

"I think I shall," I answered. "If she has room."

"If you do," he went on, "tell her the best you can of me. I'll write you first, care of the Boulevard Theater, and will watch for a report of your tremendous hit in next Tuesday's papers."

Five minutes later we said good by, and I went to bed to dream that I was a clown in a circus. I breakfasted early the next morning and went to town on the train with Mr. Farrington, who told me that he believed Mr. Dempster to be a very square dealing man. He gave me his business card at parting, and then struck across town to Wall Street, while I boarded an Elevated train to report myself at the theater. What experiences befell me there will be found in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

PICTURING THE HOURS.

It is a long stretch from the ancient and primitive sun dial to the present perfected watch and clock. The difference between the simplicity of the former and the elaborate and complicated inventions of the modern clockmaker are brought forcibly to mind in reading the *St. Louis Republic's* description of a Japanese clock:

An American traveler saw a rare and wonderful Japanese timepiece. He described it as being in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noonday landscape of great loveliness.

In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed, or seemed to flow, a cascade admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream glided along, encircling rocks and islands in its windings, finally losing itself in a far off stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky above, a golden sun turned on a silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passed.

Every hour was marked on the frame and indicated by a slowly creeping tortoise, which served in the place of a hand or pointer. A bird of exquisite plumage sang at the close of each hour, and as the song ceased a mouse sprang from a grotto nearby, and, scampering over the hill in the garden, was soon lost to view.

WAX WORK FUN.

The figures at the wax works stand so stiff, and uncompromising, that it would seem impossible to get any merriment out of them. The *New York Press*, however, cites instances that prove the contrary to be the case.

There are men employed at the Eden Musee whose business it is to comb the hair of the wax figures, keep their faces and necks clean and brush their clothes. This is supposed to be done out of business hours, but occasionally some of the helpers get caught. One of the things which people call a funny coincidence happened on the very day that Bismarck resigned. The young man who had charge of the crowned head wax department, without any knowledge of what was going on in Germany, went among the crowned wax heads with brush and comb. The heads of these figures are fastened on in such a way that they can be easily removed. It was therefore a funny coincidence that on the day the young German emperor accepted the resignation of the old Iron Chancellor the young hair brusher of the Musee took off the head of the youthful ruler to comb and brush the hair. It was still funnier when he forgot to put it back and several hundred visitors saw the figure standing before them beheaded.

This recalled to the manager's mind the fact that on a recent occasion it became necessary to put a clean collar on Mr. Gladstone. The soiled linen was removed. The dresser discovered that the fresh collar was too small and went out to get one that would fit. He was called away from this mission before he got out of the building and forgot it afterward. It was noticed later that Mr. Gladstone had been standing in the presence of Queen Victoria all day without a collar.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

HERE'S the old apple tree, where in boyhood I sported,
When my heart was as light as the blossoms it bore;
Where my old maiden aunt by the parson was courted,
In her prim cap and gown such as ladies then wore.

On this rude oaken bench, 'neath bending boughs seated,
While the wild bee was humming its song in the tree,
There we children oft-times by our elders were treated
To share with their gossip, some cakes and weak tea.

Look! here are the names of the many now sleeping,
Of dear parents and kindred long gone to the tomb;
The old apple tree like a true friend is heaping
The old bench they sat on with beauty and bloom.

In the glad days of spring, when the spirit rejoices,
When the old apple tree looks as gay as a bride,
I could dream that I heard every one of the voices
Of the friends who sat here on the bench by my side.

Every rudely carved name has a story to tell me—
And that true lover's knot, I remember it well;
It was carved on the day when my first grief befell me,
The day of my parting from sweet Isabel.

Oh! the old apple tree, where in boyhood I sported,
And the rude oaken bench, they are still in their place;
But the dear household faces, whose welcome I courted,
They have vanished and left me the last in the race.

—Vick's Magazine.

COONS IN THE CORN.

It is a well known fact that either instinct or intelligence will keep rats and mice away from traps in which their brothers have been caught; the following story from the New York Sun would seem to indicate that another pestiferous little animal is equally apt in appreciating a due warning:

A few days ago farmer Austin Gifford noticed that coons were ravaging his cornfield, and that they invariably sought little hummocks and other slight elevations where they husked an ear of corn and gnawed the kernels from the cob.

The next day Mr. Gifford spaded up a dozen small mounds of earth in various parts of the field. In the top of each mound he set a steel trap and covered it nicely with dirt. Then he cut a dozen green saplings fifteen feet long. Each sapling was planted in the ground a few feet from a mound, and then the top was bent over to the base of the mound and held in place with a stone. To the top of each sapling thus bent in a bow the chain of a trap was fastened. When the coon sat upon the summit of the mound to eat his ear of corn, one or two of his feet would get caught in the hidden trap. Mr. Gifford reckoned, and the moment the coon began to pull at the chain the stone would be dislodged and the cunning corn thief would be thrown into the air at the end of the pole.

That night Mr. Gifford had his twelve traps and saplings in readiness for the nocturnal corn stealers. It was a chilly moonlight night, and everything was favorable for the coons to work on the corn. When Mr. Gifford scanned the landscape before sunrise the following morning he was pleased at what he saw above the standing corn. Seven fat coons were kicking from the tops of as many poles in various parts of the field, and by the side of another pole the eighth coon dangled limp and lifeless. Every night since then Mr. Gifford has kept his traps set, but he hasn't caught a single coon, and he is of the opinion that he either caught the whole colony on the first night or that the remainder took warning at their dangling brothers and moved away.

PURVEYING TO THE MENAGERIES.

ANOTHER purveyor to the amusement, wonder and instruction of the youth of the world recently passed away. This was Jamrach, the collector of animals, wild, rare and curious, whom a New York paper thus describes:

Charles Jamrach, whose death was recently announced from London, was hardly

less generally known in the world of showmen than Barnum himself. He had collected in his London shop for nearly fifty years wild birds and beasts from all parts of the globe, and has distributed them among the zoological gardens and traveling menageries of every civilized country. His place of business was the Mecca of sailors from the South Seas, who found there ready sale for any curious fowl, reptile, or savage brute that they had taken in the tropics.

Jamrach was omnivorous. A rattlesnake or an elephant, a monkey or a tiger, a parrot or a panther, was alike welcome at his door. He would buy a polar bear as readily as he would buy a spring chicken, for he was wealthy, always had a large supply of money on hand, and had such widespread relations with the animal dealers of the world that he was sure in due time to find a market for every rare specimen. He had, moreover, establishments in Antwerp and Hamburg, and to keep all three places well stocked he was obliged to buy freely.

The power of Jamrach in the captive animal world was well illustrated in 1865, when Barnum's menagerie was destroyed. He received most of the orders to duplicate the lost animals, and in a remarkably short period had landed in London by his numerous agents the collection of wild beasts which Barnum subsequently exhibited in the "biggest show on earth."

As befitted a man named Jamrach in an English city, the curious old man was something of a universal genius. Late in his life he did not confine himself to collecting animals, but opened his shop to all sorts of curios. Porcelain from China, carvings from Japan, weapons from the South Seas, cloths from Asia Minor, and ornaments from the Dark Continent, were gathered by him with careful choice, yet in large quantities. Anybody in London who wished something odd went to Jamrach's, and few people left the shop empty handed.

Despite its many attractions for the curious, it is remarkable that wealth and fashion found its way to Jamrach's place, for the shop was not free from dangers and was in a very disreputable neighborhood. The wild beasts of jungle and plain were in only temporary cages, and had not yet been broken by confinement. Accidents were frequent, and Jamrach, who never felt fear, had many life and death combats in his dingy place. Once a leopard burst its bars while some twenty children stood before the cage. Jamrach sprang forward with a switch in his hand, and by a little whipping and pure audacity drove the beast back to its place.

The last of Jamrach's seventy six years were not his best from the tradesman's point of view. The decline of country fairs with their traveling shows and the abating of the fancy for pet parrots and monkeys and imported cats and dogs reduced the activity of his business notably, and Jamrach often mourned for the days when he could afford losses through illness and other causes to the extent of \$15,000 or more annually. Still Jamrach never complained bitterly and died as he had lived, at peace with the world.

A JOKE ON THE MINISTER.

THE newly elected Bishop of the Episcopal Church, Rev. Phillips Brooks, has two remarkable superficial characteristics—his great size and his extreme rapidity of speech. Fancy the giant divine in this undignified position which the New York Sun records.

Once the big preacher saw a small boy trying in vain to reach a door bell, and going up with a pleasant word gave the bell a vigorous yank, whereat the lad, with an impish grin, exclaimed: "Now I guess we'd better scoot!"

FREAKS IN TREES.

Two interesting items about trees are given in the New York Sun, of which the cherry story will probably be the more appreciated:

There is an "Ohio Beauty" cherry tree in the old Bassford orchard in Brown's Valley, California, which bears from 11,000 to 15,000 pounds of fruit every year. The tree is so large that a scaffolding has to be built around it so that the cherries can be picked.

In felling a big tree at Ivoryton village, in the Connecticut Valley the other day, the woodsman drove his axe into a big round stone exactly in the heart of it. With difficulty he exhumed the rock, which weighed thirty or forty pounds. How the stone got into the tree trunk is a mystery to all farmers who have noted the phenomenon. Still more curious is the fact that the stone had not affected the tree's growth.

WHY THE DUEL WAS OFF.

A GOOD laugh not only breaks the ice that is apt to gather around a company of stiff people who have never met before, but it sometimes does even more valuable service. An instance of the latter description is given by the Augusta Herald.

A prominent gentleman of this city was speaking yesterday of duelling, and in the course of the conversation told the following: Some years ago there flourished in Virginia a politician who was always getting into trouble. He had been challenged

time and again and he always went when called on, for he was game. He never would shoot at his antagonist, however, and luckily escaped being hit. Finally he was called out by a lame man and went, of course.

The duelling ground lay beside the public road, where a large mile post told the distance to the city. The man with the game leg drew the stand next to this post, and he asked as a favor that he be allowed to lean against it when he shot. This was granted by his polite antagonist, and the principals were ordered to take their positions, when the other one said: "Gentlemen, I have granted the request of my antagonist to lean against the mile post while he shot, and now I have a favor to ask. Would the gentleman object to my leaning against the next mile post?" This ready wit put everybody in good humor, and the fight was immediately postponed.

THE PLAY IN GREECE.

It did not cost much to go to the theater in ancient Greece, as *Blackwood* describes it. The theater was not a private enterprise as now, but took on the character of a national diversion:

In the early Grecian theaters no admission was demanded of persons attending performances. The theater was built at public expense, and consequently every one was entitled to free admission. As a natural consequence such a multitude visited it that often serious quarrels arose in the rush for seats, and many persons were injured. This led to the passage of a law fixing the admission fee at one drachma (about 10 cents) a person. Of course there were thousands of the poorer class who were unable to pay this amount, and were thus debarred from indulging in their favorite amusement.

It was not long before the obnoxious law was repealed and the fee reduced to two oboli (4 cents). In addition to this it was enacted that this amount should be furnished to every applicant from the public funds.

There were three or four performances during the day, separated at short intervals. In order to secure the best seats thousands repaired to the theater at dawn, the play beginning at a very early hour. During its continuance the spectators regaled themselves with wine and sweetmeats.

BURNING SANDS.

A LURID description of a district in California is given to the *Chicago Inter Ocean* by a traveler, though without vouching for its unexaggerated truth.

A queer region is Death Valley, and the discriminating Forty Niners who had a nice sense of the fitness of names made no mistake in christening the sink of the Amargosa river. The valley is in the county of Inyo, between the Panamint Mountains and the Amargosa range, and it is true that the Amargosa river is swallowed up and forever lost to sight. In the deepest part the bed lies one hundred and fifty feet below the level of the sea, and the rocky walls on either side rise fifteen hundred feet above its level.

The entire valley is a desert, the air excessively dry and suffocatingly hot. No man has ever explored its area, for the reason that it is impossible to sustain life long enough to traverse its awful waste, which is eight miles wide and forty miles long. The air is poisonous as well as intensely hot, the thermometer exposed to its influence often showing a temperature of a hundred and twenty five degrees. It is while attempting an exploration of this valley—with the thermometer one hundred and fifteen degrees at midnight—that the narrator and party were showered by boiling water and escaped scalding only by getting under close camp cover. Death Valley is one of the best places in the world to avoid, and it is difficult to surmise what reward even the most adventurous explorer could hope for in getting upon its cruel sands. It is presumed that the valley is of volcanic origin, and that unextinguished subterranean fires render it so fatal to man and beast.

SHORT LIVED ATHLETICS.

THE following is said by the *Philadelphia Ledger* to be the remarks of a trainer of athletes. They show that excess will eventually tell on the human frame, though for years it may be outraged and show no evil effects.

Did it ever occur to you that athletes are rarely long lived? By athletes I mean the folks who are training themselves continually for special feats of muscular power, and I leave out the dilettante amateur, who exercises slightly, comparatively speaking, and then with only the object of physical development. It is my opinion that, as a rule, the professional athlete is not a very good risk for the life insurance people. And this aside from any risks of physical injury of a sudden nature to which the athlete in the course of his performances may be subject. I think it would seriously stump you if I asked you to name a dozen cases of extreme longevity among men who have been famous for their muscular power and skill. But anybody can name a dozen people who

have led sedentary lives from boyhood and attained extreme old age. Very strange as it may appear, consumption is a disease to which the swimmer, the oarsman, the runner and the fighter have all, on numerous occasions, fallen victims. Rheumatism is another common disorder; all of which sometimes makes me think that nature never intended the development of the human physical energies to the point at which they are often observed. The athlete who lives the longest is the man who used to be an athlete and gave up his athletic fancies and plans before he had reached middle life. Otherwise you find that the average of years on earth of athletes is surprisingly low.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE CIGARETTE.

THE deadly cigarette, like the rabbit pie of the cheap restaurant, will not bear analysis. The hero of the following paragraph seems to have known this and yet persisted. "Oh, Frank," sighed Mrs. Cuddlesome, "you promised to give up tobacco entirely, and here you are smoking again." "I am keeping my promise," replied Cuddlesome; "this is a cigarette."



J. F. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Ellis's story will begin in No. 466.

J. P., Graniteville, S. C. The price of our premium bicycle is \$35.

I. N. Q., Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Munsey will probably write a story for THE ARGOSY in the course of time.

J. F., New Richmond, O. The stories specified will probably be published in book form in due course.

T. A. O., Brooklyn, N. Y. The author of the story, "The Donkey Cavalcade," which appeared in THE ARGOSY, was Richard Wolff.

J. W. S. Philadelphia, Pa. "The Cruise of the Runaways" is not bad for a first attempt, but it is still far from being good enough for THE ARGOSY.

C. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. If you watch our current announcements, you will find that both Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hoadley will contribute serial stories to THE ARGOSY in the near future.

F. O., Chester, Pa. The first application of steam which you call a "steam whistle" was not of such remarkable value or credit as to have been noted in records that are readily accessible.

C. A. T., Portland, Oreg. 1. The story has not yet been placed. 2. Yes, see that a copy of THE ARGOSY is purchased and you will be entitled to a book. 3. The publisher allows 20 per cent commission on all subscriptions procured for THE ARGOSY.

CHAS. A. BORU, Box 382, E. Portland, Oreg. 1. The binders we advertise are for the present size of THE ARGOSY; we have binders for other sizes also. 2. Some of the publishers of bright amateur periodicals will doubtless be glad to send you specimen copies on reading this.

H. O'B., Albany, N. Y. 1. A postal card can be sent to any foreign country in the Postal Union by affixing a one cent stamp. 2. The *North American Review* is published in New York City. 3. We must refer you to a physician. 4. We do not know the gentleman's address. 5. For expanding the chest dumbbells are entirely satisfactory if properly used. 6. Electric transmission over a telegraph wire is practically instantaneous. A message by transatlantic cable is usually delivered within three hours of transmission. 7. The quickest transatlantic passage is 5 days, 16 hours and 31 minutes, made by the Teutonic last August. This is about 23 miles an hour.

F., Washington, D. C. 1. Perhaps. 2. The government is of course not responsible for breakage of articles sent through the mails. 3. "Ennui" is pronounced on-we. "Assig-née" is pronounced ass-i-nee. All dictionaries indicate the pronunciation of words considered good English. 4. Cut glass is made by applying the surface of the object to be cut to the face of revolving discs of iron or copper fed with emery. Then the object is polished. Any dealer in glassware will show you specimens of cut glass. 5. Frank Converse, whose fascinating stories were published by THE ARGOSY, died in 1886. There never was a writer of juvenile stories of the name you mention.

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STILL ANOTHER OCCUPATION FOR THE PRETTY MAID.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said. "At whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?" "Atchoo! atchoo! kind sir," she said. —*Boston Journal.*

A CONUNDRUM.

CUBBAGE—"What's the difference between a dilatory man and the president of a female college?"

RUBBAGE—"I'll give it up."

CUBBAGE—"One misses the trains and the other trains the misses."—*Judge.*

A TENDER POINT.

"YES, my brethren," continued the memorializer, "in a single night our dear friend was torn from the arms of his young wife. What mourning involves her at the most flourishing age! Widowed at twenty eight years!"

"At twenty six," interrupted the widow, emerging for an instant from her tears and sobs.—*Judge.*

SERVICE AND REWARD.

A POOR man saved by thee shall make thee rich.

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.

Thou shalt thyself be served by every lease Of service thou hast rendered. —BROWNING.

THE TEMPERED WIND.

"BEING banished to Siberia is not wholly an evil to the poor Russians.

"Indeed?"

"The ukase that banishes them to Siberia relieves them of their names. They are always afterwards known by a number."—*Puck.*

BASELESS SUSPICION.

MRS. JAYSMITH—"Freddy, how did you get your clothes torn and your eye blacked like that. Now, don't deny it, you've been in a fight."

FREDDY (ruefully)—"None; I wasn't in it." —*New York Sun.*

AT THE WINTER PALACE.

"WHAT is that terrible noise?" asked one Russian nobleman of another. "It sounds as if some one was riveting a boiler." "Yes," was the reply; "the Czar's valet is getting him ready for bed."—*Washington Star.*

THE PENALTY.

PHYSICIAN (leaving careless patient)—"Now, you must remain in absolute repose—temporarily."

PATIENT—"Supposing I don't?"

PHYSICIAN—"Then you will remain in absolute repose—permanently."—*New York Telegram.*

A BACKHANDER.

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND—"I suppose you wish I didn't look under the bed every night."

YOUNGHUSBAND—"I don't care. I only wish you'd look there once in a while in the daytime when you're sweeping."—*The Epoch.*

HIGH BINDERS.

It was in the far West, and some of the citizens were giving their attention to a man who had been stealing horses.

"What organization is that?" asked an Eastern man, as the crowd passed. "Some sort of a secret society?"

"Not exactly," was the reply. "That, stranger, is our village string band."—*Washington Post.*

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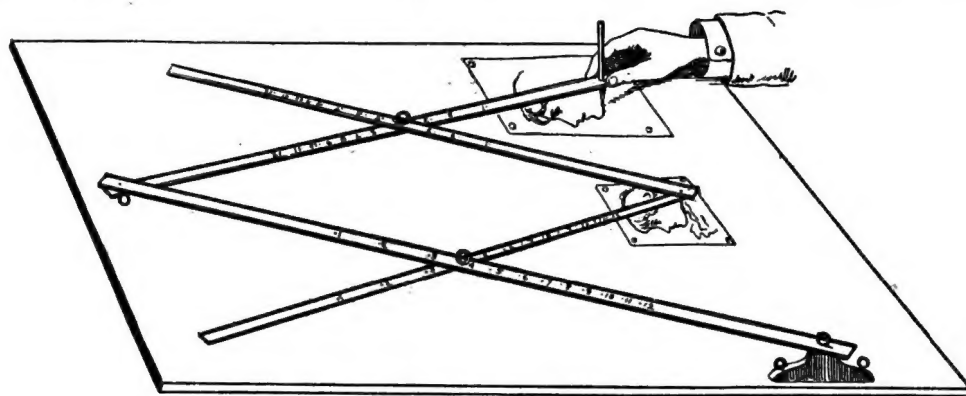


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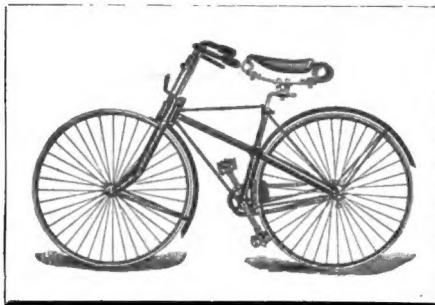
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